
JOHN
WILLIAM
CLAY
E. LIBRIS
PER ORBEM

THE

PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

SURTEES SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR

M.DCCC.XXXIV.

VOL. LXX.

FOR THE YEAR M.DCCC.LXXVIII.

LONDON:
MITCHELL AND HUGHES, PRINTERS,
140 WARDOUR STREET, W.

DIALOGI

LAURENTII DUNELMENSIS MONACHI AC PRIORIS.

Published for the Society
BY ANDREWS AND CO., DURHAM;
WHITTAKER AND CO., 13 AVE MARIA LANE;
BERNARD QUARITCH, 15 PICCADILLY;
BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.
1880.

At a GENERAL MEETING of the SURTEES SOCIETY, held in Durham Castle on Tuesday, June 3rd, 1879, the Rev. J. L. Low in the Chair, it was ORDERED,—

"That the Historical Poems of Laurence of Durham should be edited for the Society by the Secretary."

JAMES RAINE,

Secretary.

PREFACE.

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM CUMIN, THE PSEUDO-BISHOP OF DURHAM.

Before we can be expected to understand the very remarkable episode in our Northern annals which this Poem gives us, it will be necessary to take a rapid view of the political history of the time.* The death of Henry I. took place in December, 1135, and then, as John of Hexham observes, robbery, murder, and arson burst forth like the flame from a long pent-up furnace. Henry's legitimate and pledged successor was his daughter the Empress Matilda, at that time the wife of Geoffrey, Count of Anjou. Before she could take possession of her inheritance, Stephen, Count of Boulogne, the nephew of the late monarch, was placed upon his uncle's throne. The party which supported him was a very considerable one, and was strengthened, no doubt, by the French feeling that no woman ought to ascend a throne. Still, there were many who would not disown the fealty which they had sworn to their old master's daughter, and continued to support her cause with energy and enthusiasm.

The foremost person in the North at this time was

* The chief authorities for this Preface are the account of Cumin in Symeon, and his Continuator, the Chronicle of John of Hexham, and the Poem of Laurence.

David, king of Scotland, the wisest ruler of that sturdy people. He had acquired from his relatives in England the Norman love of order and system, and in his endeavours to sow and foster the growth of religion and law among his people he was far in advance of his subjects and his time. The Empress Matilda was his niece, and he supported her with enthusiasm. But David had other reasons for taking an active part in the commotion which the intrusion of Stephen into the English throne was certain to produce. He was by no means devoid of personal ambition. Thoroughly English although he was in his education and feelings, he had a great longing to be the lord of those vast tracts of country beyond the Borders which had at any time been regarded as portions of his own narrow dominions, and he did everything in his power to acquire new rights and claims, as well as to strengthen the old. He regarded the earldom of Cumberland as his heritage, and resented the intrusion of an English sheriff and bishop into that district. The great earldom of Northumberland he also asserted was his own in right of his wife, who was the daughter of one of the official earls, and the grandchild of another. If David could have secured this in perpetuity for his race, Scottish influence would have extended as far as the Tees. Through his son Henry, and his nephew William Fitz Duncan, he gained power far away into the South, whilst in several great English barons who had fees in the North, such as Eustace Fitz-John, Robert de Brus, Bernard de Balliol, and Hugh de Moreville, he had friends and aiders who were bound to assist him when an emergency arose. By slow and cautious steps David had acquired a position of pre-eminence in the North which it was difficult to match.

A new power, however, was making itself felt in the North, and acquiring, by slow progression, a position which no official personage through a long succession of centuries could lessen or destroy. It is not my province to endeavour to trace the origin of the cluster of franchises which built up the greatness of the prince-bishop of Durham. Suffice it to say that the rulers of that lordly see acquired, in very early times, not only royal privileges and exemptions, but a territorial position from which the kings of Scotland were never able to dislodge them. The see of Durham was deprived indeed of Teviotdale and Carlisle, but as a warning against invasion from the North, Bishop Ranulf Flambard upreared, right in the gateway of Scotland, the strong fortress of Norham, which, with Wark, Bamburgh, and Alnwick held the Border-land in awe. The castle of Durham, which was erected by the order of William I., soon after the murder of his lieutenant, Robert Cumin, in 1069, to overawe the population, became the chief residence of the bishops, and was strengthened by one prelate after another until it became absolutely impregnable. The existence of the increasing power of the bishops of Durham in the North was a stumbling-block in David's way. It was inimical to the complete development of what he hoped to secure for his dynasty, the earldom of Northumberland, and he would have crushed, if he could, the privileges of the prince-bishop, or made him a client of his own. The bishop of the day, Geoffrey Rufus, with the rest of his order, was on the side of Stephen when David embarked on his chivalrous and ambitious adventures. The cause of his niece was the cloak which concealed many a burning aspiration of his own. It was in vain that he endeavoured to induce Bishop Geoffrey to transfer his

homage from Stephen to himself, as the so-called representative of the empress. He seems, then, to have made up his mind, whenever the see was vacant, to fill it up, if he possibly could, with one of his own minions.

In every part of England the struggle between Stephen and the empress made confusion and dismay. The chroniclers, with one voice, speak of the wickedness and misery of the times, how the great men, jealous of each other, sheltered themselves in castles of their own uprearing, and how each neighbour's territory and dependants were plundered and maltreated. David's own incursions into England were marked by cruelty and outrage which he must have regarded with horror himself. It is plain that he was the commander of forces which he was unable to control. John of Hexham tells us that after the Battle of the Standard in 1138, Northumberland was a barren solitude. Those who had escaped the sword were either secreting themselves, in the dread of fresh disasters, or seeing if a monastery or a walled town could give them the safety which the country knew not. Predatory bands, headed by Scottish nobles, made forays in Northumberland. William Fitz Duncan, David's nephew, sought out the estates of his wife, the heiress of Romillè, in Craven, to subject them to all the horrors of war. Alan Earl of Richmond built for himself a castle at Hutton Conyers, from which he issued forth to terrify the inhabitants of Ripon, and insult its ecclesiastical chief. William Earl of Albemarle in his necessity garrisoned the monastery of Bridlington. Roger de Pavie lodged himself in Thirsk Castle, and filled it with the produce of his forays on both sides of the Tees.* Reginald of Durham, in more than one passage in his account of St. Cuthbert, describes

* Reginald, cap. xc.

with much feeling the oppression and misery of the times, how every youth got possession, if he could, of a castle, and maintained himself by ransoms and extortion. He speaks of Stephen as a paragon of gentleness and goodness,* and yet seems to ascribe to his mistaken clemency the whole system of wrong-doing under which the country was groaning. But who is to execute justice when there are so many masters?

"Quis custodes custodiet ipsos?"

The castle and the cathedral of Durham occupy one of the most picturesque sites in Europe. They crown the extreme point of a long promontory or tongue of land around which the river Wear has carved its way through a deep gorge, amid banks covered with stately trees. The position is overlooked on three sides by still loftier ranges of hills clothed with beautiful woods, which slope gently downwards to the verge of the precipitous gorge in which the river is concealed. To the east is Mountjoy Hill, the eminence from which the weary bearers of St. Cuthbert's body caught their first glimpse of their future home. To the west, on that long range, was fought the battle which deprived Scotland of her chivalry and king, and brought to St. Cuthbert's shrine the banners of her nobles and the Black Rood, the remaining talisman of their country. Viewed from below the grand cathedral seems to stand upon a precipitous rock. Climb to its summit, and look down upon the broadening river and the town that nestles under the walls of the castle, and then you can understand the old security of those to whom this commanding site gave a

* Reginald, capp. lxiv, lxvii, xc. Gesta Stephani, pp. 96, 97, 121, 122. For notices of prisons, etc., cf. capp. xx, xlvi, l, xciii. Historians of the Church of York, i, 302-307. Vita S. Oswini, pp. 33-4.

fortress and a home. To cast a bank against it, as Prior Laurence says, was a natural impossibility. The arrow that was shot from the other side of the ravine would fall helplessly to the ground before it reached the wall against which it was aimed. When Bishop Aldhune was on his way from the south in 995 with the body of St. Cuthbert, by a happy instinct he chose this for his future resting-place. The head of the promontory was shaggy with wood, and the rock cropped out here and there. Over a narrow slip only of the ground the husbandman had drawn his share and scattered his seed. Bishop Aldhune took possession of the hill, and with the help of Uhtred Earl of Northumberland and the people of the district the timber was removed, and the ground levelled for the builder. On the southern portion of the site a church was reared, the predecessor of others, each more stately than its forerunner, to enshrine St. Cuthbert's body. To the north was the castle of the bishop, "the palace of the great king," and around church and towers, turrets and long lines of battlemented walls were drawn for safeguard, less potent indeed than the religious privileges and associations which threw their spell of sanctity over St. Cuthbert's home. It was the Jerusalem of those who had been restless so long. The name by which it was often known,—as well from association as from its actual resemblance to the Salem of the East,—was the English Sion.

We cannot say at what time the residence of the bishop assumed the character of a fortress. Mr. G. T. Clark, than whom there is no better authority, is of opinion that the mound of earth on which the present keep is standing existed at an early period, and was surmounted, prior to the Norman Conquest, by a construction of timber of the character of a fortification. It was in this building, most probably, that

the lieutenant of the Conqueror, Robert Cumin, was assaulted and slain in 1069, when the indignant Northumbrians, no doubt aided by the people of Durham itself, made short work with their master's representative. After this outrage a fortress of a stronger kind was erected. Now who built this fortress? On the authority of the pseudo Symeon, who has been followed by more recent chroniclers, it has been generally asserted that the Conqueror was the builder, in kindness to Bishop Walcher, and to protect him from any hostile attack. But as Durham, save in an extraordinary emergency, was not a royal castle at all, we might expect that the builders would be the Bishops of Durham themselves, who were its lords and masters. Bishop Walcher was slain in 1080, and we know very little of his public works; but in his successor, the great St. Calais, we have a builder and a reformer beyond the leading men of his day, and we are not surprised therefore to find a grant from Queen Matilda releasing the canons of Waltham from the yearly payment which that prelate had received from them for the building of the castle of Durham. The date of this exemption is subsequent to St. Calais's decease, which took place in 1096, and the fact of this charter being necessary shews that Flambard, St. Calais's successor, had expected or claimed the continuance of the gift from Waltham. Flambard, we know, did much for the castle of Durham. He added an outer range of defences by extending the wall from the east end of the cathedral church around the promontory on which it stood, until it joined the wall of the castle on the western side. He built also the bridge below which must be regarded as a portion of the fortifications. He cleared also the level space between the church and the castle of the houses with which it seems to have

been thronged, thus addding to the strength of the fortress by diminishing the risk of fire,* and the chances of a successful assault. There is so little known of the ichnography of the Norman castle that we welcome Laurence's description of it. Upon the mound which bears the recently-constructed keep stood, in the twelfth century, a round tower, or *arx*, of stone, of considerable height, with a shell of wood within it resting upon props. "Anciently," as Mr. Clarke observes, "such keeps were occupied within by structures of timber placed against the wall and supported behind by posts, leaving an open court, as at York, and as formerly at Windsor and Ledes. Here, as at Cardiff, the mound had a ditch proper to itself, traversed by a bridge of timber, giving a steep approach, the usual arrangement with such keeps, although here, as at York and Lincoln, the ditch has been filled up. The wall of the court ascended the slope as it does at the present day, and at the base, outside the ditch, is the chapel, more specious than spacious, and the castle lodgings and store-rooms. The well still exists. The mention of the drawbridge to the south gate shews that there was on this side a ditch cut across the peninsula, covering the castle from an attack on the side of the Palace-green and cathedral. It ran through the garden in front of the south wall of the castle." The little chapel, with its six pillars, which Laurence mentions, is almost the sole remnant of the early structure which he describes. Mr. Ornsby, in his 'Notices of the Castle,' compares it with several foreign buildings of the same age and character.

It was in this fortress that the early bishops of Durham

* Cf. Reginald, De Admirandis Cuthberti Virtutibus, cap. xxxix. He mentions the frequency of fires at Durham, and describes one which seized the castle itself.

had their chief home. The times were too perilous then to permit them to rear the open, half-fortified buildings in which they subsequently spent a great portion of their time. Here, in Durham, the bishop lay down like a watch-dog before St. Cuthbert's church, too near to be at all times welcome. The music of the choir could almost be heard by the guards as they went their rounds upon the lofty keep. In this place bishop after bishop held his court, imitating, in his officers and in his own sovereign state, all the pomp and privileges of a king. It was in the early morning of this long day of empire that David of Scotland saw the vast importance of winning over the lord of Durham to the cause of his niece, or, if he failed in this, of putting into that proud position, whenever he had the chance, some friend of his own on whose help he could rely.

After this prologue we come to the story of William Cumin, which inspires the muse of Laurence and possesses all the interest of a romance. The bishop of Durham, in 1141, was Geoffrey Rufus, or the Red, who had for some time been chancellor to Henry I., and had been sent northwards to weld the turbulent population more closely to the new dynasty. Whilst Rufus was at Henry's Court he had among his retainers a youth, of English descent, of the name of William Cumin, whom he brought up and loved. If it be true, as some think it is, that this person was a relative of the Robert Comyn or Cumin who was slain at Durham in 1069, the interest of the story which follows will be considerably enhanced. For some years, I believe, previous to 1141 Cumin had held the distinguished post of chancellor to David, and he must have been well acquainted therefore with his wishes and mind. Before Easter 1141, Bishop Geoffrey was sick in his castle of Durham whilst Cumin was his guest. The disease was so serious that Cumin foresaw the end, and

proceeded at once to make the episcopal chaplains his friends, and bound over the keepers of the castle with an oath to deliver it into his own hands at their master's decease. The plot, save to a scanty few, was a rigid secret; the Prior and the archdeacons, the chief officers in the diocese during a vacancy, were in the dark; and Cumin hastened to King David to secure for himself, through his intercession with the empress, the bishopric which was so soon to be vacant. If Geoffrey died before his return all were to be silent as the grave. During Cumin's absence the bishop died, and his parents and friends adopted the strange expedient of embalming and salting the body, to carry out the arranged concealment. For three days the Prior and the archdeacons, who had waited dutifully hitherto upon their lord, were excluded from the castle. This of itself was suspicious. The rumour of the bishop's decease spread so rapidly that it became necessary to disclose the fact, and to inter the remains in the chapter-house of the cathedral where they were recently discovered. This was done on the Saturday. On the next day Cumin returned, having won the assent of David to his designs, and using the king's name as his warrant, he took into his own hands the administration of the see, making friends whenever he could by the wealth of his promises and the fascination of his address. One archdeacon, Robert, he won over to his side; the other, Ranulf, a nephew, or, perhaps, natural son, of Bishop Flambard, turned a deaf ear to the seducer. With the barons in the bishopric Cumin had little difficulty. Most of them were friendly to David as well as to the empress, and Cumin himself was well known to them of old.

All the influence of Cumin's increasing party was now turned upon Roger the Prior* and Archdeacon Ranulf, to

* Vir eximiæ honestatis et operis. Reginald, cap. lxxv.

secure what was indispensable, a formal election by the Chapter, of Cumin to the bishopric. They were told, in reply, that no election would be canonical unless it should be made after due notice by the proper persons, and with the consent of Henry bishop of Winchester, the legate, and the mother-church of York. At last they all agreed to send representatives to the Court in the train of David, who was to join his petitions with theirs to the legate and the empress, that the Church might make a formal election in accordance with its just right. As the messengers of the Chapter were partizans of Cumin, the Prior made them swear solemnly in the chapter-house that they would make no other request than that which had been agreed to. Soon after this David came to Durham, and the management of affairs was placed in Cumin's hands. He had bribed the king, it is said, to favour his cause, and assumed in consequence the title of bishop-elect. After Whit Sunday the party went to the Court, Cumin accompanying them, the castle being left in safe keeping in the interim. When they reached the Court the legate was absent, but the party urged on the empress the duty of advising the Church of Durham to select Cumin. The subject was deferred until the legate arrived, who, in the meanwhile, had received due intelligence of the conspiracy by the vigilance of Archdeacon Ranulf. When the legate examined into the case he forbade any election of Cumin unless it should be canonically made, and told Cumin himself that he should be excommunicated if he disobeyed the decree. The intrigue, however, went on, and Cumin was actually to have been invested by the empress on the 24th of June with the pastoral staff and ring, had not a sudden insurrection in London obliged the empress hastily to desert that city on

the very day which had been named. Cumin fled at the same time with the empress and David. The Durham barons and Robert, one of the archdeacons, came back to Durham with a letter to the Chapter from Matilda. The wording was cautious. She wished them to be consulted about the bishop, and particularly about the person whom the archdeacon should name to them, and no one else. When the archdeacon was asked who this might be, he said it was Cumin. In the meanwhile Cumin and his friends were in a great strait. The empress was shut up in Winchester. David, after many adventures, made his escape Northwards with difficulty, and at Michaelmas, when Cumin was at last able to follow his example, he found his old master waiting for him at Durham, and enjoying the hospitality of the prior and convent. Cumin at once entered the castle, and again endeavoured to win over the Prior and Ranulf to his cause, but without the slightest success. Before David started for home he formally placed Cumin in the castle to hold it for the empress, and guaranteed the maintenance of peace between the castle and the priory.

As soon as David went, Cumin began to act as master instead of castellane. He received the homage of all the barons of the bishopric except Roger de Conyers, and obliged the citizens of Durham to take the oath of fealty. With Ranulf the archdeacon he could do nothing at all. The fierce spirit of Bishop Flambard was in him, and flamed out against the intruder. Ranulf was driven from the diocese, and reached York with difficulty, plundered of everything that he left behind. With an unconquerable spirit, he made his way to the king and legate, and stated his grievance. The legate denounced Cumin as excommunicate unless he made restitution and compensation, and sent

Ranulf with a message to the Chapter of York, desiring them to promulgate the sentence. It fell upon Cumin as a feather would fall. Stern, however, as he was to the intrepid archdeacon, to the monks, from whom he had everything to gain, he was affability itself. His tricks and fascinations were all in vain. King David began now to see that his selection was an unhappy one, and in Lent, 1143, Herbert, Abbat of Roxburgh, paid a visit to Durham to see if his own candidature would be more acceptable. He had a private interview with four of the chief officers of the house, but without the slightest success. The spirit of the men of Durham had risen, and they were not to be won over either by cajolery or brow-beating.

About this time a vagrant Cistercian monk found his way to Durham, and became Cumin's tool in the perpetration of a rascally fraud. The fellow disappeared for a while, and then came back to Durham as if from the Papal Court, bringing with him a forged letter from the Pope. This Cumin showed with glee to some of the monks of Durham, inasmuch as it expressed the joy of the chief pontiff at Cumin's election, and ordered the Bishop of Winchester to desist from his opposition. The same unscrupulous emissary was now sent to Scotland with another forged letter to David, desiring him to support the empress and Cumin in their claims. David fell into the snare at once, and, ordering the missive to be registered for perusal throughout Scotland, rewarded Cumin's agent with a palfrey and other presents besides. Happily he did not get away from the country as easily as he desired; Richard, Abbat of Melrose, suspecting the fraud, took the bold step of arresting the monk, and made him disclose his villainous project, and its author.

Roger, the Prior of Durham, was now summoned to the presence of the legate, and it was with great difficulty that he eluded Cumin's men, who were on the look-out for him, and arrived at Winchester. On his departure Cumin threw off the mask, and treated the monks who were left behind with studied severity. He watched the gates of the monastery, to prevent the ingress or egress of a messenger. He interfered also with the provisions and the servants of the house. Through some strange and unexplained chance he had got into his possession the capitular seal, which he freely and iniquitously used. In addition to this disaster, the bad news would come to Durham that the intruder had erected a fortress at Northallerton, which could not fail to be a dreadful scourge to the Yorkshire estates of the Church. This he had given to his nephew, another William, for whom he had found a wife of noble blood in the niece of the great Earl of Albemarle.

The long-suffering prior and archdeacon now send an embassy to the Papal Court to detail their many wrongs, and to beg for relief. Innocent II. directed that an election to the see should be made within forty days after the receipt of his mandate, at Durham itself, if possible,—otherwise at York, or in some neighbouring place. The prior had already obtained the consent of the brotherhood to the choice that should be made by himself and the seniors of the house, the friends of Cumin having been first denounced as excommunicate. A day for the election was fixed, and it was to be at York. The summons to attend it was sent, but Cumin was aware of it. The roads into Yorkshire were immediately beset, and some of the electors were caught, whilst others were too much alarmed to go on. Still, the meeting took place in Mid-Lent in St. Andrew's chapel,

close to York Minster, although but few were present. The vote was unanimous in favour of William of St. Barbe, Dean of York, in spite of the opposition of the emissaries of Cumin, who brought a letter from him under the Chapter seal prohibiting the election. The dean was then attending a Council at London, but the prior and archdeacon met him at Wintringham on the Humber, and telling him what had been done in his absence, returned with him to York, and induced him, much against his will, to assent to their determination. On the 20th of June, 1143, St. Barbe was consecrated at Winchester, as many as ten prelates joining in the ceremony. The fearless Cumin had again his agents present to protest against the act.

The rage of Cumin was now ungovernable, and it was none the less because the Pope had excommunicated him and his adherents, and deprived him of the archdeaconry in the church of Worcester which he had previously enjoyed. The clergy of Durham, of course, shrank from him. It was his delight to oblige them to perform service in his presence, and his own creatures interred the dead who were left unburied by the priests. Cumin's difficulties increased. A quarrel sprang up between him and Roger de Conyers, the only baron of the bishopric who held aloof from him. Conyers, in alarm, began to fortify his residence at Bishopton near Stockton for his own protection, which Cumin tried in vain to seize. It was to Bishopton, as to a rendezvous, that the new prelate most reluctantly travelled from Yorkshire in the latter part of August. St. Barbe, however, gathered friends around him, and many who had sided with Cumin, influenced now by religious scruples, began to desert his cause. Indeed, so promising was the outlook, that Conyers and the bishop not unreasonably thought that Cumin would

either seek a *locus pœnitentiæ*, or lose his friends. They drew near to Durham, and took up a position on the lofty hill overlooking the city and the river, which is still crowned, as it was then, by St. Giles's church. From this post St. Barbe sent out his emissaries to treat with the intruder in the castle below; but they were either driven off unheard, or were maltreated. His troops were chased from the walls whenever they dared to approach them. No battle took place, through the intervention of Alan Earl of Richmond, who had been hired by Cumin to defend him, and who quietly gave a hint to St. Barbe that if he remained where he was, he should be compelled to interfere. Anxious to avoid bloodshed, the bishop retreated to Bishopton, Cumin's retainers hanging upon his rear, and cutting off and torturing the stragglers.

During the time that St. Barbe was in the vicinity of Durham, some communications had passed between him and the monks about his admission into the city. Cumin, Argus-like, detected the plot, and the offenders felt his vengeance at once. He claimed the right to place a guard in the monastery. The monks would have nothing to do with men who were under a sentence of excommunication, and shut the doors of the church. Cumin resolved to take the building by storm. The monks were prostrate around the shrine in prayer, calling on their great patron for his help which had always been vouchsafed to them, when the crashing of axes and bars told them that the doors were being assailed. It was unnecessary to break them down, as an entrance was effected through the windows and the bolts on the inside were withdrawn. In rushed the frenzied, yelling crew into the sacred building, and around the altars and in every corner was heard the clash of arms and the shouts

of victory and revenge. "Slay the monks" was one of the cries raised, and one of the weeping, imploring creatures was grievously hurt, whilst the rest were with difficulty saved. Every supporter of St. Barbe in the brotherhood was ejected, and the rest surrendered the sacred buildings to the invading host, from which they shrank as from a plague-spot. They were secluded in their domestic buildings and neither prayer nor psalm was heard within the church. Cumin gave the edifice into the charge of two of his officers, and it was desecrated by all the horrors of war. Cooking, drunken revelry, gambling, and profane songs, for many a long day and night turned the place into a barrack, and the poor monks, incapable of resistance, and yet near enough to hear all the horrid sounds from within, would think that the evil days were coming to their Jerusalem, in which she was to perish from off the face of the earth, and her children within her.

Inside the city's walls, outside them also in every direction Cumin's emissaries spread like devouring locusts. Rapine, murder, deeds of wrong as numerous as manifold, marked their progress everywhere. Revenge and greed were the passions which swayed them. The chroniclers, in prose and verse, dwell with righteous horror upon the cruel devices to extort money, and the frightful tortures which degraded the perpetrators to the level of fiends in hell. The friends of peace and order who gazed upon the walls of the city from afar, sadly knew that no human arm could win them for their rightful lord, and would think that even the genius of that sacred shrine had abandoned his children whom he had protected so long. The end, however, was nearer than they thought. The bishop heard from his sheltering fortress the groans of his oppressed people. He

drew a little nearer to Durham and erected a new fortress at Thornley. At last, on December the 7th, Eustace Fitz John, Stephen de Menyll, and the barons made a truce with Cumin which was to continue until the coming Epiphany. He paid no attention to it at all, and plundering went on as before. On the 21st of December Humphrey de Thorp was seized in his house at Thorp and was carried off to Durham to be ransomed. At Christmas-tide the same marauders ravaged the lands of Bernard de Balliol, leaving heaps of dead behind them, and carrying off the survivors to put them to the torture. Before this shadowy truce came to an end the Archbishop of York was brought to Durham by St. Barbe, and the two, joined by the Bishop of Carlisle, had an interview with Cumin outside the walls of Durham, and there the foundations of a lasting peace seemed to have been laid. It was to continue until the 24th of June, during which time Cumin was to remain where he was until the advice of the Pope should be taken, receiving also a third part of the revenues of the see between the Tyne and Tees. Everything else was to belong to St. Barbe.

The days of trouble and rebuke were not yet over. In the beginning of Lent, 1144, the bishop went into Northumberland to attend to his diocesan work, leaving the charge of his affairs in the county of Durham to Hugh Fitz Pinton, his house steward. The deputy most unhappily fell a victim to the wiles of Cumin, and sought the ruin of his lord. As he returned from Northumberland the bishop sojourned for a while at Jarrow, and Fitz Pinton endeavoured to entrap his master into a conference with Cumin. This device failed, but the traitor's *animus* soon shewed itself by betraying two of the bishop's barons, Aschetin de Wirece and Robert de Amundeville, into the intruder's hands, who at

once put them up for ransom. A bolder step than this was soon taken. On the Saturday after Ascension Day Cumin's nephew, the lord of Northallerton, appeared with a large force at Jarrow in the early morning, and beleaguered the sacred precinct in which St. Barbe was residing, to carry him off a prisoner. The inmates were taken at a disadvantage, but they kept the marauders off during a combat of several hours' duration, until at last Cumin retired carrying off with him a number of horses and a quantity of booty. The bishop now saw that his life was not safe on this side of the Tyne, and on Whitsun Eve he crossed the river and retired to Lindisfarne for protection. In the meanwhile Fitz Pinton surrendered to Cumin his master's new fort at Thornley, and was rewarded by the promise of the marriage of one of the intruder's nephews for one of his daughters. St. Barbe was not idle in his island-fortress in Northumberland. He prevailed upon Prince Henry, the Earl, to pledge himself to assist him to regain his rights. He would hear with disgust that the sleepless and versatile genius of his enemy had tricked the Earl into a special truce with himself which was to last until the festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin (August 15th) had expired.

On the 14th of August, Cumin, fearful of the future, began to fortify the church of Merrington, which stands like a watchtower on the mid-summit of the great limestone ridge which bisects the centre of the county of Durham. The old Norman tower was a fortress in itself, and this Cumin began to strengthen by drawing a ditch around the edifice, from the summit of which the eye can search in one direction the valley of the Wear, in another the long sweep of marshland which the Skerne and its numerous tributaries are unable to drain. Before much progress could be made

with the work, Roger de Conyers, Galfrid Escolland, and Bertram de Bulmer, three faithful barons of the bishopric, who were shocked at the sacrilege, pounced upon their foe. Cumin's men fled into the church and cast their darts from the tower, but the assailants would not be denied. They threw fire upon the garrison, and then burst into the building, until those who were not burnt or slain were captured. But Cumin suffered a far greater disaster than the loss of his men. On the first day of his occupation of the place, before the assailants came up, his nephew, the same William who had led the assault at Jarrow, was smitten with some fatal disease, and died raving mad as he was being carried off to Durham during the night. The monkish historian, too eager to draw the weapons of vengeance out of the heavenly armoury, records also that one of the masons employed in the same unhallowed work had a similar end.

The outrage at Merrington marks the last stage in the decadence of the intruder's power. Prince Henry, true to his promise, came into the bishopric, bringing St. Barbe with him. As he drew near to Durham Cumin's men set fire to the hospital, no doubt for lepers, which was close to St. Giles's church, and burnt to the ground the adjacent village. They also fired that part of the town which was the property of the monks, and the soldiers of Earl Henry, when they arrived, completed the destruction. The fort at Thornley was surrendered to the Earl by Cumin's garrison, and he kept it for a while in his own hands before he surrendered it to St. Barbe, his own men in the meanwhile doing much mischief in the country around. David of Scotland paid a visit to Thornley about this time, and in an interview which Cumin had with his old master at Gateshead, he discovered that his day was at an end, and went

back to Durham to make what terms he could with Roger de Conyers, who had been his persistent foe. Cumin waited for St. Barbe's arrival in the monastery, whilst Conyers, with his men, lay watching him in the city below. On the 18th of October the bishop came to Durham accompanied by the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Carlisle. Cumin, in the deepest contrition, flung himself at his rival's feet, giving up all, and promising to make restitution and amends to the uttermost of his power. His penitence gained him absolution. The poet Laurence says that when all human agency had failed, the grace of God wrought the change which every one had despaired of. He speaks of the dawning of repentance in the intruder's heart, and of the invitations to return which he had sent to the exiles. Not unnaturally, they thought that he was tempting them with some of his old wiles. But the invitations were repeated and the wanderers came back. Home is always home, but it would be long before Durham lost the traces of the cruelty and devastation which had torn it in pieces, and many a generation would pass away before Cumin's audacious and nearly successful attempt would be forgotten. It is impossible not to admire his energy, and versatility of gifts. But he was a bold, bad man, for whom law had no bounds, and conscience no check until he had made his last cast and lost it.

A few words more about Cumin and his family. John of Hexham tells us that Robert de Amundeville, who with his wife, bishop Geoffrey's daughter, had been greatly injured by Cumin, struck two Scottish knights, one of whom was the intruder's nephew, the other a trusted adherent. But Richard de Lovetot, Amundeville's kinsman, took a bolder step. He seized Cumin himself, and taught him by

personal experience, during a long confinement in prison, a little of the misery that he had perpetrated at Durham. One of the name only was permitted to remain on the territories of the bishop. This was Richard Cumin, the brother of that William who died so recently. He was permitted to hold under the see the castle and honour of Northallerton. It is he whom, with his wife the Lady Hextilda, the Canons of Hexham honoured for giving to their house the lands of Carraw,* a part of his domain in Tynedale. The farther history of the Cumins is written in letters of blood on the annals of Scotland.

* Memorials of Hexham, ii.

CHAPTER II.

LAURENCE, PRIOR OF DURHAM.

LAURENCE of Durham, one of the most popular of our early Latin poets, was a native of Waltham in Essex, a place of considerable note in the history of England, and intimately connected for many years with the see and monastery of Durham. The church of Waltham, according to the legend, owed its origin to a person of the name of Tovi, who became the possessor of a wonder-working cross which had been found at Montacute in Somersetshire.* This was carried to Waltham and became the chief treasure of a church which was dedicated in its honor and name. On the site of this church Harold, our last English King, built and endowed an abbey which was the home of a college of secular canons, and in which his own mangled remains were interred. After the death of Harold his estate in Waltham was granted to Bishop Walcher of Durham, and passed, on his decease, to his successor, William of St. Calais. These prelates seem to have treated Waltham as the property of their see. When St. Calais died, Henry I. gave it to Matilda, his queen, but the connexion between Waltham and Durham did not terminate with the change of owners. St. Calais dislodged the secular canons at Durham, replacing them with Benedictine monks. Waltham, unchanged itself, became a kind of nursery for the great monastery in the

* This account of Waltham is taken from the tract *De Inventione Sanctæ Crucis*, edited by Professor Stubbs.

North. When a canon or clerk of Waltham longed for a stricter rule, he often went Northwards and cast in his lot among the Benedictines at Durham. In the obituaries of that house the names of numerous canons of Waltham are recorded as participators in its prayers.* Compare the architecture of the two churches, and you cannot fail to see in both a sisterly resemblance.

At Waltham, the birth place of poets and soldiers, as he tells us, Laurence was born.† He gives an enthusiastic description of the natural products of the place, but is provokingly silent when he touches upon the church. Here, among the secular canons, the poet and a little brother of his were educated. The author of the Historical Tract on the foundation of Waltham has preserved the names of Athelard and his son Peter, as the two first schoolmasters of the place. It was under one of these that Laurence and his brother were brought up. The teaching at Waltham was that of the German schools. Reading, composition in prose and verse, and singing formed the chief part of the course. The pupils went in procession from the school to take their part in the services in the church, and everything they did there was from memory, as the use of choir-books was prohibited. The conduct of the lads was expected to be as grave as that of their seniors, and, when the service was over, they filed back to their class-room in the same orderly procession in which they left it.‡

Laurence's boyhood passed away, and he grew far beyond the average height. But before the down of manhood appeared upon his cheeks, he was desirous of change. He left his secular habit at Waltham and went to Durham to

* Cf. Appendix to the *Liber Vitæ Dunelm.* † Cf. pp. 40-2.

‡ *De Inv. S. Crucis*, cap. 25.

join the brotherhood in the cloister.* Ranulf Flambard was then bishop, on whom the young novice had nothing but praise to bestow.† Laurence left Waltham with a considerable reputation. He had acquired a wonderful facility in metrical composition, and he possessed, besides, the gift of a fine voice with a great compass which was exceedingly admired. As time went on, Laurence was advanced to the post of chanter or precentor in the monastery, being not only the chief singer in the place, but the teacher of the choir. Young as he was, he understood the responsibilities of his high office. The sanctity of Cuthbert had a hallowing and softening influence on those who ministered within those courts.

> Et cujus tunc cantor eram, pater ille beatus,
> Præsul Cuthbertus, qui cohiberet erat.
> Officialis enim tanti patris undique corpus
> Cinctum luminibus debet habere suum‡

But Laurence was not to pass all his time in the cloister. His popular manners and voice won him the favour of Geoffrey Rufus, the bishop, to whom he was greatly attached.

> Quid poteram ! quam dives eram ! quid honoris habebam,
> Qui sub Gaufrido præsule præsul eram !
> Cujus in obsequium sumptus sua pontificali
> Dextera pontifici sæpius ipse fui.§

He became one of the episcopal chaplains, and seems to have held, besides, the most responsible office of receiver-general in the exchequer. Laurence's time was now divided between the castle and the cathedral.‖ In the bishop's household he would be thrown among strange companions, and it is evident that he joined in some of their amusements and learned the pleasures of the chase. He gives a

* Cf. pp. 43-4. † Cf. p. 22. ‡ Cf. p. 14.
§ Cf. p. 12. ‖ Cf. pp. 14, 63.

capital description of a good horse and hawk, and it is plain that he must have ridden after the wild boar.*

It was at this period of his life that Laurence would become well acquainted with the neighbourhood of Durham and its beauties and products, which he describes with the enthusiasm of a native rather than of a stranger. The scenery of Durham itself makes the poet eloquent. The surface of the country was then covered with its ancient forests, through which the bishop and his barons would follow the "ra-hunt," and chase the wild boar or the wolf. The rivers and pools were filled with fish; the wild fowl were the delight of the hawking-party. The bowels of the earth were rich with valuable ores, of which the silver alone every year produced "tria magna talenta" to the bishop.† But the county was especially famous for its horses. To shew how numerous they were, Laurence tells us that the produce of the mares in one particular summer amounted to 1600 foals.‡ Of these as many as 500 were killed in the ensuing winter by the wolves, a valuable testimony to the presence and the numbers of those destructive animals.

When Laurence was in the cloister, a considerable portion of his time was spent in making a metrical version of the Bible, which, meagre and imperfect as it is, won him a great name among the mediæval poets. He tells us, with regret, that after he became a courtier his muse could only create forty lines in a day. Notwithstanding such a melancholy barrenness the poem had grown to a very large size, when, in an evil hour, it had an unhappy fate.

The bishop was keeping high revel at Christmas in his castle, when all at once the poem disappeared. Had some rival stolen it? or, as Laurence thinks more probable, had

* Cf. pp. 18, 20–1. † Cf. p. 20. ‡ Cf. p. 22.

some maid-servant (the culprit in every age) carried it off to light her fires? It never came back: and the author, instead of dying or making away with himself out of hand, taxed his memory to recover what was lost, and actually retrieved in this way more than three thousand lines within the space of a month. He altered the divisions of his work and improved it, calling it by the uncouth title of Hypognosticon.* It is chiefly devoted to the Old Testament, concluding with a *farrago* of short poems of little or no interest excepting the two or three which are printed in the Appendix to this Volume.

Bishop Geoffrey Rufus died in 1141, and the connexion of Laurence with the episcopal court immediately ceased. Henceforward he is only known to us as an official of the monastery, and a poet of renown. The intruder, William Cumin, found in Laurence a most persistent opponent. As chanter or precentor in the cathedral he could not help taking sides, and he speaks of the intrigues and misconduct of the pseudo-bishop with detestation and abhorrence. As an officer in the church Laurence was one of those whom Herbert, Abbot of Roxburgh, when ambitious of being elected bishop, vainly endeavoured to secure as a client;† and he was probably one of the monks whom Cumin expelled after he took the monastery by storm. Laurence, in his Dialogues, introduces two friends called Peter and Philip, and the three narrate their experiences in that time of dismay and confusion. Peter got away to the sea, and taking ship was caught by a terrible storm, a worse evil than the commotion at Durham. Laurence seems to have revisited Waltham, and describes, at the request of his companions, the tranquil

* Cf. pp. 62-5.

† Symeon Hist. Eccl. Dunelm., continued, cap. ii.

beauty and peacefulness of his home. Very unexpectedly, after hope had almost vanished, the exiles find themselves recalled to Durham by Cumin himself, and Laurence's Poem closes in a vein of serious regard for the future, shewing that his past reverses had left their lesson behind. It was after his return to Durham, and before he was made Prior, that the Dialogues were composed. In 1149, Roger, Prior of Durham, died, and Laurence had the high honour of being chosen to succeed him.* The sacrist about the same time was Richard, formerly Dean of Waltham, who came to Durham in 1135, and about whom Reginald tells a curious story.† In Richard, Prior Laurence had a compatriot as well as a friend. In 1153, Bishop St. Barbe died, and the Prior with the other electors chose Hugh de Puiset, Treasurer of York, as his successor.‡ Puiset was a Frenchman by birth, and sister's son to King Stephen, and was a person of energy and magnificent tastes, and well-fitted to be a ruler of men. The selection, however, excited much criticism. Henry Murdac, Archbishop of York, was highly indignant that his opinion had not been sought, and St. Bernard,§ the arbiter of Europe in spiritual matters, took the side of his old

* In MS. Cotton, Claudius D. iv., pp. 80-1, is the confirmation, by Prior Laurence and the Convent, of a grant of land in Wolsingham, which Bishop St. Barbe had made to the monks of Newminster, "Landam sicut rivulus de Wolsyngham currit in Weor, et Fetherstaneffeld and Almecroft a Weor usque in Thornehopesburna." This deed is not entered in the Newminster Chartulary, and it is the only document with which I have found Prior Laurence's name connected.

† Reginald, pp. 212-15.

‡ For the dispute about Puiset cf. Symeon Hist. Eccl. Dunelm., ed. Bedford, pp. 293-4; Hist. Dunelm. Scrr. Tres., pp. 4-7; John of Hexham, ed. Surtees Soc., pp. 7-8.

§ St. Bernard wrote a letter to Prior Roger and the Convent on the death of Bishop Geoffrey about appointing a fit successor. Cf. Appendix to Symeon Hist. Eccl. Dunelm. This letter, which has now disappeared, was formerly one of the treasures of the monastery.

friend, the Archbishop. The consent of the metropolitan, it was stated, had not been asked. Puiset was too young, too worldly, too much of an aristocrat, for the post. And there was some truth in these remarks. Henry, Bishop of Winchester, who had the King's assistance, and seemed for a time to be the only friend that Puiset had, urged on the completion of what had been done. The whole world seemed to be on the other side, and Laurence was asked by numbers to quash the election. They might as well have asked a stone. Laurence, as the Durham chronicler says, had no need to seek advice from any one in difficulty and trouble.* He knew what they were better than others, and he stood as firm as a rock when men began to talk of surrendering principle and justice. Archbishop Murdac was as determined on the other side. Wazo, one of the Durham Archdeacons, and Nicholas Prior of Brinkburn, had gone to Beverley to announce the election to the Archbishop. He rejected it, and put the Prior and the Archdeacons under an anathema. On Ash Wednesday the culprits met Murdac at York with Master Laurence and the Prior of Brinkburn, in quest of absolution. The citizens of York, who detested Murdac's severity, raised such an outcry against him that he hurried away to Beverley, and never entered York again. King Stephen, and Eustace his son, pleaded in vain for the culprits. At last, they were forgiven, but only on their consenting to receive corporal chastisement for their alleged insubordination before the door of Beverley Minster. This is probably the only occasion on which a Prior of Durham endured so great an indignity. But no other bishop would Laurence appoint, save Puiset.

* "Erat enim juris peritus, eloquentia præditus, divinis institutis sufficienter instructus, non habens opus ab aliis mendicare consilium in adversis.—[Hist. Dunelm., Scrr. Tres., p. 5.]

It was now necessary for the Prior and his friends to visit the Papal court to seek the consent of the Pope to Puiset's election. They must have had but little hope of securing it, as Eugenius III. was St. Bernard's shadow, and favoured the Cistercians, of whom Archbishop Murdac was one. Before they started, Master Laurence, one of the party, but not the Prior, paid a visit to the hermit Godric in his cell at Finchale, to beg for his prayers during their coming journey.* Godric's reply was strangely prophetic. "You two Laurences," he said, "who are now setting out, shall never return together or see Durham again." In fear and trembling the listener went back to Durham, and abandoned the expedition. He accompanied the party as far as St. Albans, and there he remained. Reginald says, that on this occasion he laid aside his secular habit and became a monk, but the chronicler of St. Alban's implies that he had been connected with that house before. St. Albans, however, was not to be Laurence's resting-place. He removed his tent to Westminster, of which illustrious house he became the Abbat in 1160. Whilst he was there he procured the canonization of Edward the Confessor, and, at the request of Henry II., compiled an account of his life.† Laurence died in 1176, and was commemorated in his abbey by the following epitaph:

> Clauditur hoc tumulo vir quondam clarus in orbe;
> Quo præclarus erat hic locus, est, et erit.
> Pro meritis vitæ dedit illi laurea nomen,
> Detur et vitæ laurea pro meritis.‡

The Durham party set out, attracting the admiration of all who saw them by their venerable appearance, and their

* Reginald's Life of S. Godric, pp. 33-4.

† Gesta Abbat. S. Albani, i., 159.

‡ Dugd. *n. e.*, i., 269.

stately and dignified bearing. The thought of the hard welcome which was in store for them from Eugenius chilled their hearts, but ere they crossed the Alps the news came to them that he was dead (July, 1153), and that Anastasius IV., from whom better things might be expected, had been chosen to succeed him. On their arrival at Rome the case of Puiset was enquired into, and he was consecrated by the Pope on the 20th of December. Five days before this event Anastasius shewed his goodwill to the church of Durham by granting an indulgence of forty days to all who should visit the shrine, and assist the church or the brethren. He states in the document that Prior Laurence had told him of the wonder-working Cuthbert and his fame.* They leave Italy for England. As they passed through France Laurence fell suddenly ill. Puiset, delighted at his success and eager to enjoy its fruits, would not halt, but left the sick man behind with some attendants to minister to his wants. Their care was to no purpose. Laurence died where he was struck down,† and, after a few years had passed over, his bones were removed to Durham and were buried in the cemetery of the monks.

After the death of Laurence the following books which had belonged to him passed into the library of the monastery: a Psalter, glossed by Master Anselm; another Psalter with the gloss of Master Ivo; the Epistles of St. Paul, and the book of Isaiah, both glossed; the Sermons of St. Bernard, in two books; *Versarius unus*, and Tully on Friendship.‡

* Hist. Dun. Scrr. Tres., App. xxxiv-v.

† In MS. Cotton, Claudius D. iv., f. 78 *b.* the compiler states: "Apud quendam Galliarum vicum *de Cumbes* viam patrum suorum ingreditur."—This is an erroneous quotation from Geoffrey of Coldingham, "apud quendam Galliarum vicum *decumbens.*"

‡ Catal. Vet Libr. Eccl. Dunelm., p. 8.

One book alone reminds us of the passion of Laurence's life. A *Versarius* was generally a collection of church music and hymns. It is possible, however, that this was the autograph copy of Laurence's own metrical compositions.

Laurence is the most musical of the poets of the twelfth century that I am acquainted with, and the reputation which he enjoyed was only a proper acknowledgment of his merits. Unlike many of his contemporaries he does not lose himself in a maze of words, but his meaning is evident and is tersely and vigorously expressed. The reader of Ovid and Virgil will, of course, detect violations of quantity and metrical rules, but every one will admire the ease and the polish of Laurence's verse.

The Dialogues, of which a description has been given already, are printed in this volume, for the first time, from a very fine MS. of early Latin poetry in the library of the Dean and Chapter of York.* I am not aware of the existence of another copy.

Laurence's chief work was the *Hypognosticon*, or, *Memoriale Veteris et Novi Testamenti*, in eight books, with a ninth added, containing a number of miscellaneous poems, with two or three exceptions, of trifling value. The Prologue to this work, addressed to a friend of the writer of the name of Gervase, contains some notices of the author, and is printed in the Appendix to this volume. After the Prologue there appears, in some of the MSS., the following metrical summary of the contents of the work by an unknown twelfth century poet of the name of Galienus, who proves

* This fine MS. contains the Hypognosticon, the Consolatio de Morte Amici, and the Dialogues of Laurence; the poems of Arator, Sedulius, Prudentius, Hildebert, and Alexander the Prior; the works of Methodius, Peter Abelard De Sacramento Altaris; the Anticlaudianus of Master Alan; and some of the poetry of Geoffrey of Monmouth. The volume was written *inter* 1200-20.

very satisfactorily that Laurence, Prior of Durham, was the author.

Galienus de auctore et divisionibus præcedentis opusculi.

Ingenii pro posse parans attollere Christum,
Ejus amore librum Laurentius edidit istum.
Res ea ter trino divisa volumine constat,
Ut præsens vobis lectores pagina monstrat.
Principium primum dat prima fronte volumen,
Tempus subnectens et res infra Noe flumen :
Sed Noe præteritas, necnon prius edita mundo,
Turris materiam præbet tectumque Secundo.
Tertius in libro Patriarchas ordine tangit,
Heredes quorum Pharao crudeliter angit.
Lex datur in Quarto, Moyses obit Israelita,
Jesseque Judicibus succedit Bethlehemita.
Quintus habet populum Regali sub ditione,
Qui male postremo miser exulat in Babylone.
Ad patriam Sextus captivos quosque reducit,
Et seriem post hæc ad Herodis tempora ducit.
Septimus extollens demissæ vela Thaliæ,
Virginis attollit præconia grata Mariæ.
Octavo resonat Romanorum dominatus,
Et quæ Salvator gessit de Virgine natus.
Subsequitur diversa sonans karismata Nonus,
Otia nequaquam codex ad inertia pronus.
Utque palam pateat quis sit Laurentius iste,
Initium breviter tanti reserabo sophistæ.
Hoc sacra Dunelmi domus est decorata Priore,
Hujus adornatur studio studiique labore.
Hunc operis tanti Deus almet compositorem,
Retribuatque sibi vitæ cælestis honorem !
Pro mercede poli regno potiatur amæno,
Conregrante sui scriptore libri Galieno !

The Hypognosticon, which is thus described, was a very popular work in mediæval libraries, and many MSS. of it are in existence in England and abroad. It was the intention of Oudin, the famous bibliographer, to have published it, but his design was never carried out. I cannot think that it deserved this honour, except in a general collection of Laurence's works.

Laurence also wrote a tract entituled *Consolatio de Morte*

Amici. Two persons appear in it, "Laurentius" himself, and the "Consolator." Laurence briefly states his various troubles in prose, whilst to most of them the Consoler gives a metrical reply. There is nothing in the work of the least historical value.

The "Liber de Sancto Cuthberto," which Laurence is said by some to have written, is the short poem which is printed in the Appendix. Several rhetorical compositions in prose are also ascribed to Laurence's pen, which are enumerated in Sir Thomas Hardy's Catalogue of MSS. His chief work in prose (if it be really his) is a "Life of St. Bridget," which is printed in the Acta Sanctorum. Why should he have chosen such a theme? The remains of Bridget were interred in the convent of St. Laurence at Rome, and as she had paid his patron-saint this honour, Prior Laurence commemorated her with his pen.

J. R.

York, Dec., 1880.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

INCIPIT LIBER PRIMUS

DIALOGORUM LAURENTII DUNELMENSIS.

A description of Spring. Peter addresses Laurence.

P. Carmina, Laurenti, nova nunc renovatio rerum,
Et nitor, et species, et status ipse petunt.
Conjugis in gremium fecundo Jupiter imbre
Provenit, et fetus huic sociatus alit.
Flat Zephyrus, sed et arva sinus tepefacta relaxant,
Tectaque gramineo vellere terra viret.
Segnius oceano se tingunt vespere soles,
Annus in æstatem nec juvenescit adhuc,
Et puer, et tener est, et adhuc est roboris expers;
Floribus in teneris fructus ubique latet.
Jam rosa, jam violæ, jam lilia prata colorant,
Jam rediviva virens arbutus omen habet.
Conspicis in crassis frondere paludibus alnos;
Propter aquas salices luxuriare vides.
Collibus argilla tenui petulantibus arvis
Vitis, oliva, pirus ludit, oberrat, olet.
Spe juvat omne nemus, sobolemque cibumque legenti,
Tectaque, seu regem, flore ministrat api.
Ales in occasu Pleiadum canit: Ecce! sonoris
Concinit auriolo nunc Philomena modis.
Et liquido merulæ luscinia gutture certat,
Certant lætari cuncta tenore pari.
Prata virent, armenta vigent, elementa nitescunt,
Floret ages, frondet sylva, resultat avis.

Peter invites his friend to song.

Congrua nunc igitur pro tempore pectora sume,
Naturamque libens incipe vęlle sequi.
Otia pigra senum, juvenis, depone, novisque
Jam nunc carminibus res imitare novas.

L. Petre, perosa mihi satis hactenus otia fugi,

Laurence says how fond he was of verse in his happy days.

Vernus et in glacie pectora sæpe fui.
Fervidus ad Musas in frigore, quid simul omnis,
Singula quid possit, nosse paratus eram.
Hoc et Apollo videns vires patefecit earum,
Expositasque pio junxit amore mihi:
Nec Pegasæa quidem siccare fluenta vel æstas
Sicca, vel autumnus tunc potuere mihi.
Tempore lætitiæ mihi tempora læta fuere,
Atque satis faciles ad nova scripta manus.
Impiger et viridis satis otia pigra perosus,
Ludebam variis carmina sæpe modis.
Nunc aliud tempus, nunc temporis altera vis est;
Nunc confusa vides fas simul atque nefas.

Now every thing is in confusion.

Nam probitas hodierna quid est? male rebus abuti:
Quid laus? nolle bonum: Quid decus? esse malum:
Quid jus? curva sequi: Quid lex? sine lege vagari:
Quid responsa? labor: Quidve statuta? dolor:
Quod juvat, hoc jus est: Lex est sua cuique voluntas:

He is more willing to mourn than to sing.

Omnibus ad libitum jam male cuncta licent.
Et quid ad ista canam? Generalis abusio planctum
Exigit; et mihi vox dulcis ad ista perit.

P. Ergone tam facili Laurentius ille sonorus,

Is Laurence tongue-tied?

Ille poëta potens, ore ligatus erit?

L. Non ita: nec sine re videor mihi, Petre, tacere,
Causa subest patriæ multa ruina meæ.

Laurence denies this. The misery of England makes him silent.

Anglia, terra ferax, præcellens insula, regnum
Rege sub Henrico nobile, lapsa gemit.
Terrarum jam terra gemit: sed et insula felix
Exulat. Hoc regnum rege ruente ruit.
Orbis honos, sit ab orbe licet semota, per orbem
Sparsit opes et opem, nunc tamen exul eget.
Quos peperit, quos hæc aluit, quos larga beavit,
Horum fraude, dolis, atque furore perit.

He describes it, generally.

Pro furor effrænis scelus omne licentia pulsat;
Laus scelus est; sceleri plebs studet, hæret eques.
Nil clero, nil ecclesiis, nil relligioni,
Nil defert patriæ, nil sibi, nilve Deo.
Omnia lance pari male ponderat, omnia turbat,
Omnia confundit plebs mala, sævus eques.
Quid morer? infernum multo sudore laborant,
Stulti mille viis Tartara sæva petunt.
Ista videns quid dulce canam? quisnam Philomenet,
Tristia flens patriæ funera, Petre, suæ?
Exitium generale queror, pariterque Dunelmi:
Urbis amara meæ pocula, Petre, queror.

Particularly, the fate of Durham makes him sad.

His hæc pota perit; nec, ea pereunte, dolorem
Ponere, nec possum ludere læta dolens.
P. Quod patriæ fles damna tuæ, quod publica fletum
Mors tibi privatum suggerit, ipse probo.
Dictat enim ratio patriæ pietate teneri;
Et quis amor patriæ major amore subit?
Dulcis amor patriæ pia pectora dulcius implet,
Sic et amore bonos urbs sua quosque tenet;

Peter asks for information.

Teque tuæ tenet urbis amor, lugesque perire
Hoc quod amas; tamen hoc si perit, unde perit?
L. Urbs perit illa potens exsangui pota Cumino,
Cujus odor gravis est, gustus amara sapit.

Laurence says that Durham is ruined by (William) Cumin.

Potus is, immo potens ad noxia potio, lædit;
Lædit an interimit, prorsus utrumque facit.
Corpora destruit, atterit intima, viscera rodit,
Perdit membra, cutem diripit, ossa quatit.
Urget in exitium perdens male cuncta Cuminum,
Hoc domus, hoc omnis pallet in urbe locus.
Tota gemit quia tota perit, male pota Cumino
Urbs mea pallenti: pallidus et quid agam?
Flensne ferire gravi mea moliar ilia risu?
Tristis an ad citharam demorer atque lyram?

He (Laurence) is quite unfitted for joyful verse.

Musica multipotens plerumque quod invenit auget,
Auget, et ipse gemens carmina læta canam?
Ver tepidum rebus glaciale cadaver abegit,
Utque fateris, humum temperat, ornat agrum.

Imber et innumeras traductus in usque medullas,
Mille jacit species : hic rosa, gramen ibi ;
Hic flos, hic folium, cortex ibi, surculus illic,
Multum naturæ musica ludit opus.
Sed quidnam lippum pictura decora, quid ægrum
Cultior esca, rudem virgo faceta juvet ?
Urbis amara meæ mutatio me male mutat,
Lætum læta dedit, dat male versa vicem.
Ergo quem poscas, quid poscas, quomodo poscas ?
Aspice, lugentem læta, jocunda petis.
Non sibi conveniunt dolor et jocus, ægra Cumino
Urbs mea me reprimens posse petita vetat.

Peter expostulates with him.

P. Hæc mihi, Laurenti, vis est ignota Cumini ;
Num tamen hoc genio constat an ingenio ?
Si subit ingenio, conditor in arte superstat ;
Si genio, vestrum quale putabo piper ?
Forte quid his piper est quibus est ita forte Cuminum ;
Allia dic quid eis, quidve sinapis erunt ?
Sed prope vos vacuis gens bruta mapalibus errans
Vos, puto, respersit rusticitate sui.
Res piper Albano satis est peregrina palato,
Tale quid exhorrens turba ferina fugit.
Temperet ipse sacras licet huic Epidaurius herbas,
Res condita rudi sæva venena sapit.
Forsan et hoc crudum vicinia cruda refudit,
In prope cognatos et sibi pæne pares.
Ergo quid ipse rudes de rusticitate queraris ?
Vivant lacte suo : Tu modo læta canas !

Laurence says that Peter is unfeeling.

L. Gaudeat an doleat Laurentius, hoc sibi Petrus
Ponet in exiguo. Cur ita ? segnis amat.
Si me Petrus amat, num ludit ? Si male ludit,
Num quid amat ? cubito, segnis amator, amas.
Conqueror, et cantas. Fleo, rides : Lugeo, ludis :
Tristor, et exultas : Hoc et agens quid amas ?

Scotland is the cause of the mischief.

Cives, Petre, meos Albania fecit egentes,
Quos fecisse rudes juribus, arte nequit.
Ignes non leges, cædes non scita, dolores
Nobis non mores hactenus ipsa dedit.

She has sent Cumin.

Et dedit horrendum, quod abhorret et ipsa, Cuminum;
Hinc urbs nostra perit; plebs ruit; exul agor.
Et dulces resonabo modos, de divite pauper,
De felice miser, de tribuente petens?

Through whom the speaker is an exile.

Cantor, Petre, gemo; præceptor, obedio; civis,
Exulo; confugium pluribus, ecce fugor!
Hæc inter quid nox animi nisi continuatur?
Non scopulosa ferens pectora, fata gemo.

Peter vindicates himself.

P. Sentio quid sentis, doleoque realis amicus
Quæ bene non sentis; namque quid est quod ais?
Tristis ais quod segnis amo: me sic et amicum
Esse negas; nec enim segnis et illud ero.
Segnis amans non semper amat. Promittit amicum
Non præbet; simulat sæpe, semel nec agit.
Sed verax, sed continuus, sed ubique fidelis,
Semper amicus amat: sic amo, remque probo.
Quin dictum res ipsa probat, quia verus et idem
Hocque fidelis ago; semper amicus amo.
Sic et amans non ipse levi tua pectora pendo;
Nec vice Democriti vulnera ludo tui.
Sed quod inops flavos Albanus inalliat Anglos,
Sive Cuminat; opus miror, amice, novum.
Iret et in risum si non boreale Cuminum
Isset in helleborum. Cui? Tibi, sive tuis.
Hinc urbs vestra cadit, civis perit, exulat heros;
Clerus, eques, populus luget, acescit, eget.
Si sic est, ubi res, ubi jus, ubi dux, ubi cives,
Urbis et elatæ plurima fama tuæ?
Res et fama rei distant sibi, fama superstat;
Res minor est; et idem vestra ruina probat.

Laurence calls on Philip to bear witness with him.

L. Assidet en! Pylades, mihi, Petre, Philippus, Oresti;
Immo fide Pyladen vincere promptus adest.
Hic et opes et delicias et utrumque parentem,
Et patriam nostri sprevit amore suam.
Exulat et pro me, sed sponte; gemit, sed honeste;
Servit, sed gaudens; gestat onus, sed ovans.
Victus, amictus, honor mihi me cibat, excolit, ornat
Melle suo, quod agens esurit, alget, eget.

Hic probet urbsne suæ responderit hæc mea famæ;
Iste, Philippe, labor te vocat, arma cape.
Erige cervicem: tamen hic in mergite spicam
Utpote vir cautus scit reperire, cave.
Ph. Gratulor ad titulos tua verba virescere nostros,
Me mihi, Laurenti, gratior alter ego.
Quodque rogas id agam; scio verba petentis amici
Pondus habere; jubes, pareo; missus* eo.

Philip promises compliance.

Me revocas, redeo; ducis, sequor; hoc et amicus,
Non parasitus, ago; nec simulo, sed amo.
Est ubi nemo Thraso; procul omnis abest ibi Gnatho;
Gnatho nullus adest hic ubi miles abest;
Miles magnificus, miles vafer, et sua jactans
Bella, cicatrices; sed tibi Nisus adest:
Euryalo tibi Nisus ego; tua signa reclamo;
Te dixisse peto; jussa dedisse puto.
Nec puto quod Petrus dextrum putet esse sinistrum;
Quod placet ipse putet; quod petis, illud agam.

Peter's reply.

P. Nemo, Philippe, sibi bene conscius omnia culpat;
Nec culpo quod amas: Quid tamen est quod ais?
Quod placet, ipse rear. Quidnam reor? ictibus itur
In me transversis, his et utrinque petor.
Hinc reperire scio prudens in mergite spicam,
Hinc licet ut credam quod libet. Et quid id est?
Debuit esse lepos; hic Atticus, ut puto, non est:
Anglicus esse potest: cedo; facetus ades.
Parce tamen; nam parma mihi gladiusque reludit;
Et manus est pugilis, nostra, Philippe, manus.
Sed mihi pax, non pugna, placet, nunc simus amici
Quam satyri: Cynicos nemo libenter amat.
Vos amo; vos et amans puto quod peto prorsus amari;
Sed te promisso solve, Philippe, tuo.

Dialogue between Philip and Peter.

Ph. Ecce! paratus ego: sed oportet ut ante reponas
Auribus intulerit fama quid illa tuis.
Si minor est meritis, crescat: si par, solidetur;
Si major, recidat: Petre, relata refer.

* Missus—*Mitus* MS.

P. Hanc Laurentinam vicinis urbibus urbem
Præpollere situ, rebus, et arte refert.
En quod fama refert! Sed, ut arbitror, invia suadet;
Fictile lingua mihi vana colorat opus.
Ph. Mendax quam claudus plus claudicat atque prehendi,
Quam tener iste pedes ocius ille potest.
Et si fama volans mendax foret, irrita ventos
Iret in æquoreos, deficeretque cito.
Sed quod eam cecinisse canis, nos tempore pacis
Vidimus, et veram res patefecit eam.
Tunc bona fama bonam prope seu procul extulit urbem,
Urbs et fama sui concinuere sibi.
P. Et quid nunc? Num fama bonæ male discrepat urbi?
Ph. Quin magis urbs misere discrepat ipsa sibi:
Præter namque situm retinet nil pæne priorum:
Prisco stante situ, cætera, Petre, cadunt.
Artis opus, civile decus, jus relligionis,
Agger opum simili peste simulque cadunt.

The wretched state of Durham.

Omnia pallenti pereunt infecta Cumino,
Hoc et fama procul fundit amara malum.
Res nova, Petre, novam procul exerit undique famam:
Urbs perit; en! et eam fama perire docet.
P. Et jam nunc quid erit? Vos propter ab æde paterna
Et patria veniens multa pericla tuli.
Hæcque tulisse juvat: verumtamen urbe cupita
Non visa, patriam cæcus adibo meam;
Ad mare missus hebes vacuus redit, et neque piscem,
Nec revehit mercem quamlibet inde bonam.
Ph. Non opus est tutum tibi, Petre, videre Dunelmum,
Illuc ire tibi, Petre, perire puto.

It is unsafe to go to Durham.

Non poteris, si pergis eo, non nosse Cuminum.
P. Vellem nosse quid est. *Ph.* Est quid es. *P.* Adde [quis est.
Ph. Anglicus a proavis, privatus conditione,
Fortuna locuples, ære juvante potens.

A description of William Cumin.

Quodque parat subitum, quicquid vel cogitat altum,
Et quodcunque videt noscitur esse ferum.
Nomen ei Willelmus erat, sed agente Cumino
Nomen in agnomen prorsus eundo perit.

He wishes to be bishop.

Qui decus affectans et episcopus esse laborat,
  Et tamen hic recta despicit ire via.
Lege fori non lege poli procedere temptat,
  Nec virtute viam viribus ire parat.
Regi non legi; rebus non moribus; armis
  Fidit non meritis; sicque meando cadit.
Hinc et adultus herus jam vitricus urbis amatæ
  Hanc premit. *P.* Et quid agam? *Ph.* Consulo, [siste pedem.
P. Non equus effrænis, non sum sine remige navis;
  Frustra consilium quisquis abhorret habet.
Spes erat optatis mihi pascere lumina rebus,
  Sed non esse potest, et remanere potest.
Ph. Sæpius aure magis quam lumine multa docemur,
  Sæpeque mens oculo, sæpius aure videt.
Tuque petita potes tuta satis aure doceri,
  Quæ tutis oculis, Petre, videre nequis.
P. Ergo quid exspecto? situs urbis ab ore rotundo
  Prodeat, erectis auribus ista peto.
Ph. Quod petis? ad votum peraget Laurentius, omnem
  Sæpe loci seriem vidit. Amice refer.

Laurence describes Durham.

Nota refer. *L.* Referam. Consurgit in ardua tellus,
  Et saxosa pedes, et salebrosa latus:

Lofty situation.

Undique declivis præruptaque summonet hostem,
  Ludit et hostiles flumine cincta manus.
Flumen eam ferri præceps obit instar equini,
  Circinat excelsum vallis aquosa locum:
Quod tamen ille locus, locus arduus, insula non est,
  Hoc dirimens fluvii cornua collis agit.
Cumque sit accessu satis asper, et arduus idem
  Sit locus ascensu, nil agit hostis ibi.

Besiegers cannot assault the place.

Non aries, nec ei balista potest adhiberi,
  Nec Balearis eo fulmina funda jacit.
Tela licet validis veniant excussa lacertis;
  Quæque sagitta venit viribus ægra venit.
Raptaque balistæ distenso turbine languet
  Lancea, vique pari saxa rotata ruunt.
Quæ licet excutiat grandifera verberis ictu

Et ferrata cohors, nil ibi prorsus agunt.
Nam latus omne loci nullo quassabile ferro,
Nec patet unde suo possit ab hoste quati.
Flumen obest, præcepsque volans in valle profunda
Obstat, et hostiles arcet abinde pedes.

Lofty river banks.

Adde quod aëriæ lato sibi limite ripæ
Distant, et jaculis vim via longa rapit.
Quolibet acta ruant tormenta furore tepescunt,
Et tenues ictus vix dare fessa queunt.

A level space at the summit.

At solidi suprema loci prælarga serenat
Planities, æquum terra cacumen habet.
Collis vero plagam supereminet ad borealem,
Cætera planitie celsus amænat apex.
Ecce! quibus natura modis rem munit habetis,
Et dictum Petro jam satis esse puto.

P. Vespera sæpe diem testis probat apta serenum,
Cæptum sic et opus finis, amice, bonus.

What has art done for Durham?

Et satis ipse quidem pulchre certans operanti
Naturæ quid agit fando probare potes.
Hoc potes effari quid cernitur hæc operari,
Urbis et ipse situm quam dedit illa doces.
Sed quod naturæ superaddidit ars, superaddi
Verbis posco tuis, et satis illud erit.

L. Ars est artis opus verbis aperire petitum;
Forsan et ars vires præterit ista meas.
Rem tamen, ut potero, paucis aperire studebo,
Quæ cantare vetat non vetat ira loqui.
Urbs mea, quin sævi jam non mea clade Cumini,
Multum natura nec minus arte potest.
Rupe latus, volucrique pedem succincta profundo,
Nititur aërium condere nube caput.

A strong wall surrounds the city.

Cumque potens solidam situs undique muniat urbem,
Ars tamen et muro munit et ornat eam.
Cingit ei validus celsum caput undique murus,
Murus præsidii vix alicujus egens,
Spissus et excellens et propugnacula fortis
Turribus interdum surgit in alta feris.
At solidum fundamen ei nativa ministrat

With towers here and there built on the rock.

Rupes, cui nitens plus nitet artis opus.
Sicque situ sed et arte potens nec arietis ictus,
Nec vim tormenti quamlibet ipse timet.
Nec timet ut quis eum pedes aut equus aggrediatur,
Aggeris aut ducat triste cacumen ei.
Fortis ubique satis se protegit, et sibi custos
Et vigil ipse suus, tutus ab hoste manet.

Porta Orientalis.

Nam portas etiam quibus urbs aperitur inermis
Absque labore quidem nullus adire potest.
Rem probo. Calchidicum quæ respicit aut Na-
Porta patens Eurum rupe locata tumet. [bathæum

The east gate leads to a ford.

Quæ turri subvecta caput vix scanditur arcta,
Præcipitique satis vallis ab amne via.
Amnis et ipse vadum vix raro meabile præbet,
Præcipitem jaculans sæpe profundus aquam.

Porta ad Affricum.

The south-west gate.

Altera quam dexter Zephyro creberque procellis
Africus impingit pæne coæquat eam.
Forma pæne pari sibi certant æquiparari,
Illa potens satis est, et satis ista potest.
Descensus tamen hinc productior et minus anceps
Amnis ad ancipites esse videtur aquas.
Sed minus hoc est magna satis tutela; neç hostem
Tuto firma statu porta timere potest.

Porta (in Boream).

North gate.

Tertia quo murus deflectitur urbis ab Euro
In Boream turri stat redimita caput.
Hæc aliis augusta magis fastigia præfert,
Præfert et faciem, quam vereare, feram.
Circinus et rapidæ licet ille volubilis undæ
Istinc infecto deviet orbe suo;
Est tamen, est quod eam munit pro flumine portam,
Murus utrinque supra turris et ante locus.
Is locus a dextris præruptus, et asper, et altus,
Est et inæqualis, nec satis aptus equis.

The common road into the city.

Cumque sit hac aditus validam generalis in urbem,
Hac tamen, hac tali scanditur ipsa via.
Sic faciem munita suam, munitaque dextram
Et caput a læva quo tueatur habet.
Non procul hinc tumulus surgentis in aëra terræ,

Explicat effuso vertice planitiem.
Explicat exiguum diffuso vertice campum,
Quem satis arte placens occupat arcis apex.

The citadel on a mound.

Arx in eo regina sedens sullime minatur,
Quodque videt totum judicat esse suum.
Murus et a porta tumulo surgente severus
Surgit, et exsurgens arcis amæna petit.
Arx autem tenues condensa resurgit in auras,
Intus sive foris fortis et apta satis.
Intus enim cubitis tribus altius area surgit,

Domus in arce.

A house in the citadel on four pillars.

Area de solida facta fidelis humo.
Desuper hanc solidata domus sublimior arce
Eminet insigni tota decore nitens.
Postibus inniti bis cernitur ipsa duobus,
Postem quippe potens angulus omnis habet.
Cingitur et pulchra paries sibi quilibet ala,

Pons in arce.

The citadel is round, and is reached by a bridge, leading to the castle below.

Omnis et in muro desinit ala fero.
At pons emergens ad propugnacula promptos
Et scandi faciles præbet ab æde gradus.
Cumque venitur eo via lata cacumina muri
Ambit, et arcis ita sæpe meatur apex.
Arx vero formam prætendit amæna rotundam,
Arte, nitore, statu, fortis, amæna, placens.
Hinc in castellum pons despicit, atque recursus
Huc et eo faciles pons adhibere solet;
Largus enim gradibus spatiatur ubique minutis,
Nec se præcipitat sed procul ima petit.
At prope murus eum descendit ab arce reflectens
In Zephyrum faciem flumen ad usque suam.
Cujus ab aëria largo sinuamine ripa
Se referens arvum grande recurvus obit.
Obditus et siccis Aquilonis hiatibus arcem
Exsurgens repetit fortis ubique feram.
Nec sterilis vacat æde locus quem circinat alti
Ambitus hic muri; tecta decora tenet.
Consita porticibus duo magna palatia præfert
In quibus artifices ars satis ipsa probat.
Fulget et hic senis suffulta capella columnis,

A small chapel with six columns.

Non spatiosa nimis, sed speciosa satis.
Hic thalami thalamis sociantur, et ædibus ædes,
Et datur officio quælibet apta suo.

Chambers of all kinds.

Hic vestes, ibi vasa nitent, hic arma coruscant,
Hic æra (*sic*) latent, hic caro, panis ibi.
Hic fruges, ibi vina jacent, hic potus avenæ,
Hic et habet propriam munda farina domum.
Cumque sic hinc domus atque domus jungantur, et
Ædibus, inde tamen pars ibi nulla vacat. [ædes

A court-yard with a well in it.

Castelli medium vacat æde, sed exhibet altum
Ille locus puteum sufficientis aquæ.
Singula quid memorem? decus omne quod oppida
Si bene rem spectes, hic reperire potes. [poscunt,
O quotiens ibi multa dedi! quotiens ibi jussi!
Et quotiens habui commoda grata mihi!

The author served bishop Geoffrey.

Quid poteram! quam dives eram! quid honoris habe-
Qui sub Gaufrido præsule præsul eram! [bam
Cujus in obsequium sumptus sua pontificali
Dextera pontifici sæpius ipse fui.
Ut tamen e medio rapuere severa benignum

At his death, Cumin comes at the desire of the Scottish king.

Fata virum, ludo sollicitudo subit,
Mors vitæ; dum fraude sua ferus ille Cuminus
Hunc adit, Albano rege juvante, locum.
Sed male mollis ei quod inertia sponte reliquit,
Quid loquor illud eum regis adisse manu?

Cumin occupies the castle, and the author leaves it.

Hoc sine cæde fera, sine vi, sine milite, castrum
Clericus obtinuit, vi tenet, usque premit.
Ista videns abii, vitansque pericla Cumini
Castellum liqui tunc pede, voce, modo.
Corpore non libuit mihi tunc in morte morari,
Nec sermone meo nunc mihi, Petre, libet.
Hinc quæ forte pedi fuit, hæc sit et exitus ori,
Respiciens pluvium porta severa Notum.
Porta potens et celsa petens, facilisque tueri

A draw-bridge over the ditch at the south gate.

Vel satis exigua femineave manu.
Hujus in egressu pons sternitur, et spatiosæ
Transpositus fossæ tenditur inde procul.
Tenditur in campum muro latus undique tutum,

Quo tenuit lætos sæpe juventa jocos.
Hinc castellanus borealia flamina murus
Arcet, et arx celsis arte locata jugis.
Hac et ab arce potens descendens murus in Austrum

The walls.

Tenditur, ecclesiæ ductus ad usque caput.
Quæ flammis cæli mediis objecta leonis
Temperat hinc rapidi solsticiale caput.
Murus et ad Zephyrum ripam tenet amnis, et idem
Hinc propero claudit vespere sæpe diem.
Ecce ! quid ars solidæ muniminis addidit urbi.
Si tamen ecclesiam respicis, hæc quid erunt ?

Laurence wishes to conclude.

Sed linguam cohibere libet, ne multa loquendo
Garrulus, aut nimium dicar, amice, loquax.
Scire loqui decus est: decus est et scire tacere:
Aureus, aureus est semper ubique modus.

P. Qui reticenda tacent et sola loquenda loquuntur,
In reticendo tenent inque loquendo modum.
Tuque loquenda loquens, nec jure loquax, neque dici

Peter asks for more.

Deseruisse modum, dulcis amice, potes.
Necdum quippe satis, nedum nimis est mihi dictum,
Sed da quod superest, et satis illud erit.
Si das ultro, datum bis erit vel ter mihi gratum :
Si non, de pacto te tuus ipse voco.

Ph. Pacto Laurenti lex vincitur, estque gerendus
Mos Petro, Petrus vult sibi pacta dari.

Philip also presses for more.

Pactus es artis opus verbis aperire petitum :
Reddere cœpisti. Perfice cœpta, precor.
Qui ludos intrat decet ut consentiat, instat
Petrus, et iste quidem seria ludus habet.

L. Sermo, Philippe, vetus promittere nec dare, stultum
Est consolari; sed procul hinc id abest.
Est procul a vero vitium fallacis amico,
Meque meo Petro pacta dedisse puto;
Nam quid castellum, quid mœnia dicta, quid arcem,
Quid dedit et portas ? credo quod artis opus.

P. Hoc patet, at vacuam quis prædicet ædibus urbem ?
L. Non ego. *P.* Cur igitur tecta loquenda taces ?

L. Urbi tecta meæ sunt, immo superba fuere,

Laurence will not describe the city.

Sed quæ nec civi nota fuere mihi.
Numquid enim vel in urbe potens pedes ire per urbem
Debuit, aut varias urbis adire domos? [honeste,
P. Non, sed eques potuit. *L.* Potuitque pedes, sed
Ut puto, non potui, nec pedes hoc nec eques.
P. Cur ita? *L.* Cantor eram, nec ab æde decebat in ædem

As 'cantor' he could not gad about.

Currere cantorem, pæne vel urbis herum.
Debebam deferre mihi cui detulit heros,
Detulit et populus, præsul et ipse satis.
Non mihi majestas mea viluit; hinc et egenis,
Hinc et divitibus plus pretiosa fuit.
Quod si nulla mei reverentia me cohiberet,
Attamen et merito qui cohiberet erat.
Ille pater, pater ille pius, quo præsule, magnus,
Quo pastore, placens, quo patre, gratus eram;
Et cujus tunc cantor eram, pater ille beatus,
Præsul Cuthbertus, qui cohiberet erat.

As an officer of St. Cuthbert, although young in years, he was old.

Officialis enim tanti patris undique corpus
Cinctum luminibus debet habere suum.
Sicque licet quod eram juvenes lanugine malas
Floridus, usque tamen sic gravitate senex.
Mens, facies, oculus sit pura, severa, pudicus:
Dextera, lingua, pedes, larga, modesta, graves.
Et sit ei dux atque comes virtus et honestas,
Et sit ei fixum semper habere modum.
Esse decet talem tanti patris officialem,
Nec fert sæpe vagum talis in urbe pedem.
P. Aptus eras, si talis eras, nec in urbe vagari,
Nec quoquam poteras, si modo talis eras.
L. Non dico quod talis eram, sed dico quod esse
Talis debueram. *Ph.* Cedo; sed ut quid ita?
Ut quid Laurenti discursus urbis abhorrens
Incola castelli sive minister eras,
Tunc etiam cum cantor eras? *L.* Quod, Petre, minister
Immo magister ibi sæpe diuque fui.
Jussus obedivi, tamen et claustri vice castrum,
Et mihi sæpe quidem curia norma fuit. [nullus.
P. Ordo novus. *L.* Non; immo vetus. *P.* Quin, ut puto,

L. Hocne putas? Non est scire putare tuum.
Ordinis est virtus, est et vetus hæc ut honestum
Moribus exhibeas semper ubique virum.
Et claustrum loca cuncta putes, et adesse priores
Qui prope sunt homines, antraque crede torum.
Et socium cum solus eris te, Petre, putato,
Aures namque nemus, lumina campus habet.

Laurence often visited the castle.

Hunc veteres tenuere modum, sed et hinc mihi crebro
Castrum pro claustro, curia norma fuit.
P. Cedo; sed iste rigor quæ commoda, quemve rigorem
Commoda, Laurenti, dicta dedere tibi?
Aut rigor exclusit tibi commoda, sive rigoris
Immemor interdum deliciosus eras.
L. Petre, memento, precor, ridere quod et potes atque
Os pulchrum facere; fecimus illud ita.
Flens risi, risumque fovens pro tempore flevi,
Æquans pro modulo lilia,* Petre, meo.
P. Prompta tibi satis est responsio. *L.* Visne tacebo?
P. Immo loquare precor. *L.* Quid tibi, Petre, loquar?

Laurence is pressed to continue his tale.

P. Urbis amara tuæ si dulcia deperiere,
Quicquid enim loqueris mel mihi dulce sapit.
Ph. Et mihi, Laurenti, tua verba quod esurienti
Esca, quod et flores esse videntur api.
Nota licet, referas, repetasque relata frequenter,
Hæc repetita novi muneris instar amo.
Jam nunc ergo preci subscribas, obsecro, Petri,
Si facis et voti res erit acta mei.
L. Cernite, villarum vicina cacumina fumant,

It is evening, Laurence promises to renew his song in the morning.

Major et a celsis montibus umbra cadit.
Ubera distentum pecus undique pastor olentes
Notis ad caulas convocat ecce sonis!
Utque videtis aves solitas repetunt sibi sedes,
Jamque cubile petit bestia quæque suum.
Nos et ad hospitium vocat hora. Vocamur. Eamus!
Mane petendus ero, mane petita dabo.

Explicit Liber i.; *incipit Liber* ii.

* In the margin is this note, "Lilium in se habet amaritudinem sed dulcem ex se mittit odorem."

LIBER II.

Peter bids Laurence arise with the morning.

P. Surgere, Laurenti, surgens Aurora sereno
Nos monet hoc vernum quo vocet ore diem.
Et matutino satis egit acredula cantu,
Pulsus ut a nobis somnus abiret iners.
Sed piger ad lectum, piger est consurgere lecto,
Sero sedere facit mane jacere diu.
At volucrum vox ecce! diem resoluta salutat,
Jam pecus emissum pascua læta petit.
Sibila vicinus jam mons pastoria sentit,
Sentit et unda; pigrum surgere cuncta monent.
Surgite, naturam pro ruribus usque sequentes;
Hæc fecit noctem, fecit et ipsa diem.

Laurence says that sorrow has kept him awake.

L. Vir bone, Lethæi cognata papavera somni
Proxima nequaquam cœna fuere mihi.
Exulis in mensa modus extitit; et mihi, Petre,
Digestu facilis cœna modesta fuit.
Memnonis et mater* necdum procul alta fugarat
Sidera, cum fugeret sidera† nostra sopor.
Meque torum non torpor iners, non somnus inanis,
Sed dolor, et fecit cura tenere gravis.
Quas removet plerumque fovet lectus tibi curas,
Multi multa mihi causa doloris adest.

Peter asks Laurence to resume his story, and invites Philip to hear it.

P. Et nos hesternæ repetamus amæna palæstræ,
Ut quæcunque doles, edoceamur ibi.
Nam longum liquidas cuneatus acumen in undas,
Collis secretum præbet ad ista locum.
Cujus descensum nemoralis amictus opacat,
Latus et amnis ei cingit utrumque latus.
Vado: Philippe, veni. *Ph.* Satis est semel esse
Ad rem quam cupio, Petre, libenter eo. [vocatum;

* *Et mater*, Aurora *interl.* † *Sidera*, Oculos *interl.*

P. Siccine pro nihilo convenimus ora ligati?
Num schola nos tacitos Pythagorea tenet?
An fortasse lupi nos aspexere priores?
Vincula promissi, vir bone, solve tui.

L. Cogitis in lacrymas laxare doloris habenas,
Pectus triste satis, pectus, amice, meum.
Nam mala quæ doleas verbis aperire, dolorem
Est geminare: tamen quæque jubetis agam.
Urbs mea pestiferi male pota furore Cumini:
Tam sibi quam Romæ Luna* timenda refert.
Nam subit huic pro cive latro, pro matre noverca,
Pro pastore lupus, pro patre tortor atrox.

The disorder at Durham.

Jus pessum civile datur; lex utraque languet:
Plebis scita vacant: mos abit: ordo perit.
Nil dicunt edicta boni: responsa quiescunt:
Virtus, plaga, quies, aret, abundat, abest.
Omnia letifero turbantur agente Cumino,
Quicquid namque jubet stat vice juris ibi.
Quodlibet huic lex est, edicta libidine constant,
Ejus et a temero scita furore ruunt.
Hic procerum primos petit et premit, instat et obstat,
Lædit pro libito, proque furore ferit.
Merx popularis ei clerus, depastio civis;
Est et plebs sævo præda cruenta viro.

Cumin's extortion and cruelty.

Si quis habet, reus est; qui nil habet, urbe fugatur:
Æris habere stipes est meruisse cruces.
Aureus hic manicis addicitur annulus arctis;
Et pes depictus compede dignus erit.
Adde quod obscænas festiva lacerna catenas,
Crebraque vel tenues flagra merentur opes.
Mittitur hinc miseram trux sæpe satelles in urbem;
Mittitur hic plenus fraude cor, ora dolis.
Atque volantis apri vestigia nare sagaci
Promptus ad ista canis certat ubique sequi,

People are hunted down as a dog hunts a boar.

Nunc silvas, nunc plana petens, seseque volatu
Circumfert volucri, fertque, refertque pedem;

* *Luna*, civitas Tusciæ, *interl.*

Et facit anfractus facili pede sæpe minutos,
Huc et eo volitans, et duce nare sequens;
Donec ad extremum quem fallere nescius arsit
Invenit; inventum lætus et edit aprum;
Nec mora: curraces discopulat, inque repertum
Venator stimulat voce, sonoque canes;

A boar hunt.

Quos sequitur valida gestans venabula dextra,
Vique fugando canum grande fatigat eum,
Donec eis facta statione latratibus idem
Undique vel crebris morsibus impetitur;
Et cadit intratos emittens arma per armos,
Magnaque spectat herum portio, parva canes.
Sic locupletis opes immissus in urbe satelles
Circuit explorans, currit et huc et eo;
De tectis in tecta means, et ab ædibus altis
In modicas etiam fraude trahente casas.

Domiciliary visits in search of money.

Et nunc hæc nunc illa videt, discitque domorum
Seria per pueros, singula quæque rogans;
Donec ad thalami secreta scienda relatu
Fraus ancillari pervenit illa viri.
Cumque vel exiguo quæsita pecunia signo
Proditur innumeris esse reperta dolis;
Emersi barathro mox ad tormenta tyranni
Prosiliunt Siculi more severa suo;
Quos agit in furias furor et timor, atque Cumini
Vis fera, sive fero velle placere viro.
Hisque satellitibus locuples perit, hique laborant
Non sibi sed sævo rem locupletis hero.
Sic dives conquirit opes, dominusque Dunelmi
Sic male res miseri civis adire sitit.
Et gratis hoc prorsus agit; nam, Petre, Dunelmum
Quisquis habet, quid habet? *P.* Mænia, saxa, [domos.
Neve nimis sitiat, latices habet. *L.* Addere posses
Plus aliquid. *P.* Potero; plus tibi doctus ero.
L. Vendere docta salem digitis tribus adjicit empto
Plus salis interdum lippa virago sali;
Tuque vir et pulcher sermonis parcior esse

Jam poteris quam sit parcior ipsa salis.
Quod tibi nil constat dare largius ipse memento.
P. Dixi dicta mihi: plus dato, plusque dabo.
L. Quicquid habet vir quisquis habens scit habere [Dunelmum,
Mænia, saxa, domos, quæ male ludis, habet.
Neve nihil reputes hæc; saxa Dunelmia venas
Innumeri varias æris habere solent;
Et silvas, et agros, et aquas, et florida Tempe,
Prataque, vel quicquid dives habere velit.
Illud habet vir quisquis habens scit habere Dunelmum;
Et rebus locuples quis, rogo, certet ei?
Quisnam, quæso, capris capreas, cervos bove, cervas
Vaccis, aut porcis transeat hujus apros?
Possidet innumerum tamen et pecus; insuper, ancas
Iste; quot accipitres quis, rogo, dives habet?
Et quales res ipsa docet: superatur Hiberus,
Vincitur hinc Gallus, cedis et, ipse, Brito.
P. Dum satis in nimium male nititur, attenuatur;
Dumque modum transit, tollit, amice, fidem.
Nam cui plus nimio quod non habet ore laboras,
Sic, sic discredi jam facis et quod habet.
Hinc infra nimium multum preme, nam potiorem
Semper habere solet laus moderata fidem.
L. Si certum nil, Petre, probas, academia certum
Incerti socium te probat ægra sui.
Et tibi quod totum pars est nec inutile credis,
Ad plus sive minus pectus habere vagum.
Sed non discredi, nec debent omnia credi,
Omnia sive nihil credere, credo, nocet.
P. Credo quod esse potest: nec in hoc academicus ipse
Claudico quam varias dant loca vestra feras.
Nam filicem pro fruge, rubum pro vite, frutectum
Pro ficu, salices pro nuce, credo, ferunt.
Fragraque castaneis vaccinia sæpius uvis,
Arbuta rubra piris inveniuntur ibi.
Vestra, puto, tribulus producit amygdala, quercus
Coctana, sed quid in his nos mora longa liget?

The mines of Durham.

Deer, wild boars, hawks, etc.

Peter says the country is uncultivated.

Sunt loca culta parum, grege sintque repleta ferarum,
Non hoc grande quid est stare loquela potest.
Sed quis ad accipitres qualisve ferare, memento*
Multum fermenti vestra placenta tenet.
L. Fœtibus arboreis patriam provincia vestram
Vincere nostra nequit; sed, puto, vincit apris.
Vincit et innumeris animalibus, atque rapaci,
Nolis sive velis, alite vincit eam.
Quid rides? *P.* Vacuas qui circinat eminus auras
Accipiter tetigit splen mihi meque tenet.
Me tenet alarum pulchrum sinuamen earum,
Remigiumque decens, cauda vel illa biceps.
Nam nos hoc tali puto, nec pudet, alite vinci.
Vincimur. Ad reliquas pergito victor opes.
L. Ibo; sed accipitrem species probat altera nostrum,
Quæ milvo satis est huic peregrina tuo.
Longus namque caput vivaci lumine vernat,
Grossulus et rostrum pectora larga legit;

Laurence describes a hawk.

Hoc et tractitium laudatur in alite collum,
Plumaque productum corpus amœna tegit.
Ala vigens, et penna rigens, dorsumque relucens,
Crus breve vel grossum, longaque cauda placet.
His patulum suppone pedem, quæ plurima virtus,
Unguis et incurvus, multaque forma probat.
Quid morer? accipitres nigrantes undique linguam,
Albentesque pedem dant loca culta parum.
Hæc loca culta parum dant munera divitiarum,
Hæc deserta suo nostra lucrantur hero.

The bishop has three "talents" of silver yearly from his mines.

Adde quod argenti tria magna talenta quotannis
Accipit a sterili, quam male ludis, humo.
Pallidus argenti scrutator viscera terræ
Permeat, et massam sudat abinde rudem;
Quam lavat, et tunsam fornacibus ingerit, ignem
Supponens, et eum follibus acer alens.
Dehinc madidos igni cineres superadjicit ulmi;
Hique duo dirimunt juncta metalla sibi:

* *Memento*—vel videte, *interl.*

Et plumbum potando tegunt, plumboque direptum
  Enatat argentum, nil modo sordis habens.
Hincque Dunelmensi prædicta pecunia fisco
  Provenit; hoc munus promit inane nemus.

Large forests.

Si lapides, si bestiolas, si cætera vasti
  Nosse velis nemoris, quis Maro tanta canat?
Petre, scias quod ei nec dives Pactolus auri
  Par est; eximio cedit arena solo. [Dunelmo
Cætera quid memorem? quid equus, quid turba
  Rustica, quid civis, quanta tributa ferat?
Quas segetes numerosus ager, quos undique pisces

Corn, fish, honey.

  Flumina, stagna, lacus et mare præbet ei?
Quosve cibos, quas mellis opes, nostrique Lyæi
  Quantam materiem terra ministrat ei?
Hæc si cuncta loquor, fortasse poeta putabor,
  Et multis sermo fabula noster erit.

Durham is famous for horses.

Sed quales, ut pauca loquar, provincia rerum
  Fertilis edit equos res satis ipsa probat.
His caput est modicum cujus secus ossibus hæret
  Pellis sicca, brevi tota polita pilo.
Sunt et eis patulæ nares, erectaque cervix,

The horses are described.

  Aures argutæ, sic decet, atque breves.
Sunt oculi grandes, coma densa, volubile collum,
  Pectora larga, jacens parvus ubique pilus;
Corpus eis validum, longum latus, atque rotundi
  Clunes, cauda suo densa decensque modo;
Crus solidum, rectumque genu, sed et ungula siccum
  Atque cavum solidat pæne rotunda pedem.
Insuper audaces, alacres pede, quosve quiete
  Ex summa facile concitet ejus eques;
Rursus et emotos videas non esse teneri,
  Difficiles facilis motio, calcar habet;
Deinde reducta citum rescindit habena volatum,
  Quodviscunque tuus velle videtur equus.
Sed quid necto moras? in naribus aspice motum;
  In tremulo vires corpore nosse potes.
Sicque decore suo, forma, meritoque probatos,
  Quartum, quod superest, et color iste probat,

Badius et roseus, cervinus, myrteus, albus,
  Aureus, et gilvus, candidus, atque niger.
Tales edit equos provincia dives equorum,
  Hoc et, Petre, suo terra ministrat hero.
P. Si generosa bonis multis numerosa probari
  Posset equis regio jure stupenda foret.
L. Rem, populo tibi teste, loquar; semel aspera sævos
  Egit hyems in equas ore furente lupos;
Dehinc pullos pro matre petunt, quos proximus ante

One winter the wolves killed 500 foals.

  Junius ediderat, diripiunt et edunt;
Atque famem rabiemque fovent, dominoque Dunelmi
  Quingentos uno tempore, Petre, necant.
P. Sic est: prava lupum pascit custodia. *L.* Pavit

Still 1100 were left.

  Hic ita plus nimio, pars tamen ampla manet.
Mille quidem deciesque decem, quos Junius idem
  Ediderat, cæsis, Petre, fuere super.
Hæc cor habens habuit vir dignus habere Dunelmum,
  Multas dignus opes, dignus habere decus;

This was in the time of Bishop Flambard, whom Laurence praises.

Dignus habere decus quia prorsus habere sciebat
  Primorum primas dapsilitate manus;
Nomen ei Rannulfus erat; quo præsule, nobis
  Aurea felici sæcla fuere statu.
Cujus opes ostendit opus: quem jure stupenda
  Produnt magnanimum facta fuisse virum.
Iste vir hoc habuit quod poscunt jura Dunelmi,
  Mentem magnificam, munificamque manum.
Plurima prætereo; sed numquid habere Dunelmum
  Esse putet vacuam Petrus habere nucem.
P. Quis putet hoc pleno favet hic ubi copia cornu?
  Qui plus optat, habens ista bibendo sitit.
L. Hæc habet, hæc et habens plus ardet habere Cuminus

Cumin's thirst for money.

  Nobis applutus, remque furore probat.
Æris enim malesuada fames Busiridis ala,
  Et Phalaris tauro plus metuenda facit.
Bistonii stabulum mansuescit ad ista tyranni;
  Mitior est Terei mensa cruenta feri.
Urbis enim varias urgens in viscera vires,
  Hanc sine morte mori cogit ubique ream.

Nec jam si quis habet, sed si quis habere putatur,
Proximus est causæ cur ita turbat aquam.

His men search for it.

Hic centumgemini sudare manus Briarei,
Hic oculos Argi mox vigilare putes.
Unguibus Harpyæ sævire rapacibus instant,
Horrendum stridens viribus Hydra novis.
Gorgones aspectu, flammaque furente Chimæra,
Et lue deformi Scylla biformis obest.

And torture people.

Multa fatigantur tormenta satellite multo,
Fulminat insigni sævus in urbe furor.
Hic proceres equitant, cives a pollice pendent,
Vincla tenent juvenes, mors premit atra senes.
Durus equus procerum findens male corpora lignum,
Cujus terga virum corpus acuta secant.
Hunc vincti post terga manus talosque gravati
Loricis equitant; O equitare ferum!

The "horse-torture" described.

Calcar eis, lorica gravis, neque fissile lignum
Pungit equum, nec eum currere tarda monet.
Non pungit, dum pendet obest et pondere lædit,
Pondere plus acui terga videntur equi.
Stat fera gens, gens prorsus agens, homini peregrina,
Stat secus et ridet quos ea ferre videt;
Artubus ereptos gens promit et impia nervos,
Et sic in laqueos, Petre, recurvat eos.
Postmodo pollicibus, plerumque virilibus ipsos
Testibus annectit, dignaque morte facit.

Other tortures.

Digna mori quam posse mori quos velle coegit;
Non sinit, et mortes vincere morte vetat.
Stringit enim laqueum, miseros et in aëra cives
A trabe gens nervo sæva furente trahit.
Sic durum plus morte malum trabe ludit ab alta,
Ludit et illudens æra petita petit.
Dumque furit, nervumque trahit, male mentula rumpi
Incipit; interdum rumpitur, hiique cadunt;
Et perdunt sic esse viri cupidos nec adimplent
Dando quicquid habent, crescit avara fames.
Quæ legit eximiis locuples Arimaspus arenis,
Quæ Tagus edit, Hiber quod fodit, esset ei.

Quidquid Nilus aquis vel noster Guerna* marinis;
Immo quod ignivomis pix superacta rogis.
Quo plus namque capit, plus habet; cupit, et rapienda
Plus hanc sollicitant quam male rapta juvant.

Cumin's men are like greedy dogs.

Hosque videre viros ad ventris semper hiantes
Spem cupidi credas, Petre, videre canes,
A domino projecta suo qui panis aperto
Captant ore sibi, captaque frusta vorant;
Nulla terunt, excepta vorant, sed et integra ventri
Immergunt et eo spe mage ventris hiant.
Sic male captanti male parta pecunia genti,
Quamvis multa nimis, non facit ipsa satis.
Et scit lucrari, sed lucro deliciari
Nescit, et ad quæstum fervet avara novum.
Hinc renovat scelerum spectacula sæva suorum,
Ocior et fœta tigride currit eo.
Nec mora: jam tristes pœnas et pallida vexat
Gens tormenta, truces plena furore manus.
Ecce! catenarum tristi plus pondere vinctos,
Qua nexu juvenes pœna timenda vocat.
Hos oculis macie multum nimis intro retractis,
Arctaque laxantes vincula tortor adit.
Dehinc et inundato tractis e carcere nervo
Undique nodoso, stringit inane caput;
Quod primum mulgendo trahit, bacúloque deinde
Invertendo rotans, in caput ire facit;

A cord twisted around the head.

Immerguntur ei penetrantes intima nodi,
Donec et ad cerebrum sæpe venitur eis.
Nec procul hos alii pendent a pollice, plures
A pede, sed mala plebs hoc putat esse parum.
Pectoris humani faciem gens impia ponens,
Hoc miseris nimium computat esse parum.
Nec mora: demissis trabe funibus, ilia cingit,
Ilia nobilium jure gemenda virum;
Hisque retorta retro male tenuia brachia nectit;
Nectit, et, apponens pondera, grande premit.
Collo pendentis thorax appenditur ater,

Heavy weights and stretching.

* *Guerna*, fluvius Dunelmensis, *interl.*

Pendentisque pedes alter ad ima trahit;
Hac capiti pes mole coit, pes tendit ad ima,
Tendit ad ima caput, terga superna petunt.
Sic et membrorum compago soluta fatiscit,
Inque retecta facit viscera funis iter.
Funis edens interna petit, miserumque perurget
Dicere quæ nescit, seu dare quod nec habet.
Cui vel 'non habeo,' vel 'dicere nescio multa,'
Est dixisse sibi, 'morte perire volo.'
Sic juvenes, sic sæpe senes, sic et mulieres
Et pueri pereunt. Est aliud quod agunt:
Dentibus horrendum rabies furit effera lignum
Quod quasi serra secans crebro cruore madet.

A kind of saw of wood.

Nervis namque pedes, et nervis brachia vinctos
Desuper hoc miseros dira Celæno locat.
Dehinc trahit et retrahit, sic et vesania præceps
Exitiale scelus ludere dulce putat.
In caput ecce! pedes conversim sæpe recurrunt;
Quo pes, ecce! caput; quo caput, ecce! pedes.
Sicut namque suum texens sibi missile mittit,
Et læva recipit quod sua dextra jacit;
Rursus id ad dextram revolat jaciente sinistra,
Est et nunc finis quod caput ante fuit.
Sic mala plebs miserum sibi fune trahendo vicissim
Exhibet: inque caput cogit iniqua pedes;
Inque pedes facit ire caput; sed et inter agendum
Innumeri miseros dentis acumen arat.
Sic ubi depereunt color et cutis et caro, pulsat
Viscera, seu penetrat dentis amara lues;
Dentibus his caro tota perit, perit a pede forma,
Et facies hominis prorsus adusque caput.
Turpiter alvus hiat, laterum latus horror oberrat,
Plagæ terga replent, ossa retecta patent.
Viscera panduntur, cruor effluit; omnia mortes
Membra tenent variæ, corpus et omne perit.
Cætera dum recolo, mihi, Petre, silentia suadet
Horror, et insoliti sæva procellâ mali.
P. Ergone plus aliquid fera gens facit, atque relatis

Plura furens homini flagra suboptat homo?
L. Plus reor esse pias pendere per ubera matres,
Et molli miseras ubere dura pati;
Virginis et teneræ duras terebrare mamillas:
Dehinc, sed inauditum, Petre, tacebo malum.
Non referam rem, Petre, feram qua sordeat aër,
Nauseet auditor; fœtet; in æquor eat.
Letheis mergatur aquis ne fama futuris
Talia temporibus tamque nefanda ferat.
Sit dixisse satis non posse pericula dici
Urbs quam multa gemens noscitur ista pati.
P. Si quis amatur, agit sua raro negotia solus,
Creber ei socius quisquis amicus adest.
Gaudet, et ejus amans: flet, et ejus amans; adamatus
Floret, et ejus amans; avet, et ejus amans.
Hic sua cuncta sui bona seu mala censet amici,
Nec procul exemplum quod prope cerno petam.
Nos sumus in causa; quod enim Laurentius odit,
Odit et hoc Petrus; quod vel amas, id amo.
Urbis et ipse tuæ deploro pericula tecum,
Quæ parit in furias pectora versus homo.
Sed quis homo, scopulis homo forte parentibus ortus,
Ubera cui puero torva leæna dedit,
Cui juveni silices cingunt præcordia venæ,
Cui nihil humani pectoris esse patet?
O ubi sunt homines, ubi rex, ubi lex, ubi virtus?
Cur non Petrus adest hic ubi Cæsar abest?
Si gladium regni vagina tacenda recondit,
O gladius Christi quid bisacutus agit?
Hos rigor ecclesiæ feriens anathemate frangat
Quos vis militiæ flectere fracta nequit!
L. Omnia temptanti succedunt nulla dolori,
Nostrum, Petre, malum nulla medela levat.
Frustra militiam, frustra temptavimus arma,
Frustra sunt varia spicula missa manu;
Urbis et ante fores armato milite cincti,
Venimus in vanum, vis ubi multa stetit.
Attamen armatos descendere vallis ad amnem

Women tortured.

Peter sympathizes with Laurence.

In vain we tried arms in opposition.

Fecimus armigeros, vique meare vadum;
Quos prope longa sui crispans hastilia ferri
Anglicus, et custos agminis ibat eques;
Et pharetris succincta latus, lævamque repleta
Arcubus ibat eis prompta juventa comes.
Sed gravis in nihilo labor irritus ille resedit;

Durham cannot be stormed.

Res ratione vacans impetus illa fuit;
Aggressu siquidem conscendere velle Dunelmum,
Arbitror esse manu tangere velle polum:
Quid morer? arma nihil, vires nihil, ars nihil, ampla
Gens nihil, et nobis æra dedere nihil.
Non jaculans anathema ferum cohibere feroces
Anglia tota viros Roma vel ipsa potest.
Quin ludunt nostris indicta silentia sacris,

The cathedral also is profaned.

Nec miserum miseri, Petre, silere silent.
Jam modulis mala nostra novis loca sacra prophanans,
Insonat in sacris hic latro sæpe locis.
P. Ergone jam theatrum speluncave facta latronum
Est domus illa Dei? sed mihi cæpta refer. [hæret.
L. Non possum. *P.* Quid ita? *L.* Quia vox mihi faucibus
P. Hoc subitum satis est. *L.* At mihi causa subest.
P. Quæ rogo? *L.* Res eadem mihi fel sapit, inque capistro
Lampadis os socium ludere nolo meum.
Flebilis historiæ flagra sæpius auribus hausit,
Rem tenet, in socias surge, Philippe, vices.
Ph. Dicere non possum; pudor est, et dicere possum:
Est timor, estque, tamen dicere nolo, furor.
Nam nihil hinc nequeo, neque forsitan omnia possum,
Quæ me velle tamen vis, ea cuncta volo.
Res probet: ecclesiæ gens imperat impia nostræ,
Inque furens adytis arma virosque locat.

Soldiers replace the monks.

Hic monachi vice miles adest; altaria nudam
Prætendunt faciem; pristina forma perit.
Sacra gemunt, holocausta tepent, seu funditus algent;
Festa vacant, Christi laus silet, ordo ruit.

No services; dice and drinking.

Sæpius insomnem levis exigit alea noctem,
Qua dum non perdat, plus ibi perdit hebes.
Tessera pro psalmis, pro dulci pocula cantu,

Pro varia vigilat fabula multa prece.

Guards on the roofs.

Adde quod et vigiles dum vespere tecta per amplas
Celsa petunt cocleas, vulnera nostra vomunt;
Et nostrum lugere novo modulamine ludunt
Turbæ: sanna rudi—saucia turba sumus—
Voce, manu, calamis nos ludit, plaudit, inurit,
Frigora, flagra, famem, flere, dolere, pati.

Compared with a woman working by night.

Adde quod ad medium noctis cum femina primum,
Quam colus et tenuis sæpe Minerva tenet,
Surgit et a cumulo tepidæ jam fune favillæ
Semoto cineres sedula, Petre, movet;

Cf. *Æn.*, viii. 406-13.

Scintillasque legit, legit, et sibi suscitat ignes
Sopitos, et eos sicut oportet alit;
Utque cubile sui castum servare mariti
Possit, et hinc natos educet ipsa suos,
Exercet longo famulas ad lumina penso,
Dans operi noctis tempora multa suo;
Sedulitate pari sua strata perosus eodem
Tempore fœda ferus surgit ad arma latro;

The scene by night in the cathedral.

Fervet ad hæc et ad illa, furens hinc suscitat ignes,
Excitat hinc lichinos, lumen ubique locat.
Vincitur innumeris nox tetra repente lucernis,
Stridunt deinde fores, æs sonat, arma strepunt.

It is full of noise and arms.

Verba volutat eques, vox multa per atria currit,
Magnus in æde sacra sævit ubique fragor.
Furfure jam thorax, jam cassis calce novatur,
Ensis et hos, et eos tela novanda tenent:
Lancea fraxineis hastilibus hic et acernis,
Crescit amara lues, sæva securis, ibi.
Et scutis hinc inde suis ancilibus hærent,
Letifer arcus eos, hosque bipennis habet,
Arietis et cornu; nitro, fuligine fiunt,
Et sale permixto spicula dura nimis.
Toxica prætereo, quæ dulci facta paratu
Vulnera conficiunt mortis amara malæ.
Talibus hæc celerem gens præcipitans sibi noctem,
Fluxa legit, solidat fracta, vetusta novat.
At jubar æquoreis ubi Lucifer exerit undis,

Et venit in vigilum dulcis alauda sonum,
Expetit hesternæ mala plebs animalia prædæ,
Percutit, excoriat, frusta coquenda secat.

The cooking described, within the church.

Hic plumis nudantur aves, perfusus et unda
Sus fervente suum perdit abinde pilum.
Pars verubus, pars craticulis, pars sudat aënis;
Flamma crepat, crassum stillat, et unda sonat.
De castro tuceta ferunt pinguemque ferinam,
Panem de nostro dant sibi, Petre, pena.
Et potum nostramque sibi fumare coquinam,
Sumen, et artocreas, omen, et ova vident.
Cætera sic utinam fumaret eis, et in isto
Parceret ecclesiæ turba prophana sacræ!
Sed dolor et dolor est quod et esse coquina latronum
Sanctum Sanctorum dicitur, ecce! dolor:
Nam crates dum pingue pluit, dum ludit aënum,
Fœdus in æde sacra fumus ubique volat;

The smell, drunkenness and blasphemy.

Carnis et elixæ replet omnia nidor et assæ,
Halat et exequium thura nociva novum.
Cætera quid memorem? quam mensa superflua, quales
Deliciæ, quis eos dens ibi deinde tenet?
Quid cum prima quies in murmura munere Bacchi
Exit, et in liquidos murmura deinde sonos,
Inter eos quæ verba volant? sermonibus uti
Illic illotis creditur esse lepos.
Qui ludit, bonus est: qui jactat fœda, facetus:
Qui non jurat, hebes: qui bene potat, eques.
Talibus in monachis reperitur regula talis;
Quicquid turpe libet, talibus ecce! licet.

P. Hoc opus esse gulæ non militiæ, nebulonis
Non equitis, mimi, non reor esse probi.
Vosque, Philippe, premi grege miror ab hoc Epicuri,
Mars cui mensa, suus Martia tela ciphus.

Ph. Quam secus hinc saperes si Marte vocante videres
Qualis ad arma volat, læsa leæna salit;
Aut stimulante fame visum pecus impiger ardet,
Ambit, aditque leo; sic ferus arma latro.
Nec mora: productum promunt calcaria talum,

They arm themselves.

Dehinc stringunt nodi ferrea crura novi.
Corpus et ærata circumdatus undique squama
Induit armalem desuper ipse togam;
Quæ manicis mutilata quidem, sed ad usque minutos
Longa pedum digitos stringit utrumque latus.
Desuper hanc gladio præcingitur, et galeatus
Deinde caput, stratum scandit amarus equum;
Et clypeum rapiens hastam fremit, exit, eique
Vexilli feriunt longa labella manum.
Dehinc quid agit, quam multa furit, quam vulnera [sævit,
Nec tibi, Mæonides, nec Maro, Petre, daret:
Gurgite præterea jam velle videtur Hibero,
Latior alipedes tinguere Phœbus equos;
Et vespertino qui sæpe sub aëre degit,
Huic cito frontis agrum ruga senilis arat.
Hinc et nostra quidem nos, Petre, mapalia poscunt.
Surgite. *P.* Vos paucis ante, Philippe, volo.

Peter speaks of the good providence of God.

Fortiter Omnipotens et suaviter omnia rerum
Semper disponens regnat ubique Deus.
Cujus opus speciale sumus, nec imaginis Ejus
Instar formatos nos male casus agit.
Ipse regit quos esse dedit, crebroque flagellat
Quos amat, et recipit quos pius Ipse premit.
Ipse premit, sed amat; punit, sed protegit; urget,
Sed fovet; affligit, sed cataplasma facit.
Fecit et hoc vobis; vos namque dolore fatigans
Qui sit homo docuit, quam vel ames quod abit.
Vos in præcipiti ludentem flumine prolem
Vidit et eripuit mortis ab ore Pater.
Vidit amans, rapuitque pius, raptosque flagello
Corrigit, Ipse patrum dulcis ubique pater.
Quique dolere dedit, dabit et gaudere; feritur
Dum ferit; accelerat parcere; parcet amans.
Punit amans et parcet amans; punire videmus;
Parcere jam cupimus; parcet et Ipse cito.
Vosque peto quos flere gemo, cito missa loquatur
Vestrum lætari littera vestra mihi.
Cogor namque procul, nec vos latet, ire, sed astans

Ibo; discedens, stabo; meabo manens.
Mens aderit si corpus abit; sed habere quietem
Non potero, donec quæ peto certus ero.
Ph. Detur quod spondes. Dabitur quod poscis. Eamus:
Petre, veni. *P.* Venio: cras sed abibo. *Ph.* Vale.

Explicit Liber ii.; *incipit Liber Tertius.*

LIBER III.

L. Multa, Philippe, mihi meditatio viscera versat;

Laurence states his difficulties.

Hoc proponit. Age. Res vetat. Hoc vel age.
Nec possum. Fac illa. Vetor. Dum vado, relidor;
Dum propero, reprimor; dumque resurgo, ruo.
Et quid agam? Mare terret hiems, terramque rapinæ,
Mucro vias, nec iter terra vel æquor habet.
Dædalus ille suis utinam secet aëra pennis,
Et vastum solita tranet inane vola!
Neve, Philippe, Petro videare poeta; prophetam
Ante fuisse tibi nuntiet ipse Petrum.
Quæ prædixit habes, nec habet sibi dicta; fideli
Me pudet infidam nos tenuisse fidem

Ph. Si de possibili reus hic reperirer, abiret
Frons nivis in multam mox mihi versa rosam.
Sed nos excusat non posse; volubilis annus,
Triste gelu removens, ver cito lene dabit.
Tunc mare velivolum, via pervia, mitior ensis,
Nostrum dulce Petro transferet os in opus.
Sed quidnam video? videone, vel ipse videre

Who is this coming?

Me puto quem cupio? quid rogo? numquid is est?
Est, non est: an is esse potest? ni fallimur hic est;
Sæpe quod optat anus somniat; hoc et ego.
Somnio? sed vigilans fallor; sed sponte cupitum
Etsi non video, fingo videre virum.

L. Obvius ipse Petro: Petrus est quem conspicis: ito,

It is Peter.

Nos videt huc properans. Siste: Philippe, venit.

P. Salve, Laurenti. *Ph.* Quid ego? *P.* Calumnia, salve.
Spectat, amice, tuum. *L.* Cur ita? *P.* Forte scies.

Peter greets them.

Oscula libo tamen, nec enim mihi cornea mens est;
Dat festiva mihi pectora festa dies.

Ista dies mihi festa dies qua sæpe cupitos,
Sero licet, video nos in amore pares.
Vos video cives, et regno: sentio lætos,
Et ludo: sed ut hæc sint data nosse peto.

Ph. Petre, quod auderet promittere nemo petenti,
Felix ista dies contulit ultro mihi.

Philip asks after his adventures.

En terris jactatus ades, jactatus et alto!
En ades, elusor temporis hujus, ades!
Gratulor adventu; miror venisse; petitum
Si vis nosse, tuæ prome pericla viæ.

P. Cura videre fuit, fuit et mihi cura videri:
Numquid et audiri? Non ea cura fuit.
Vos audire fuit: tamen in tua vota voluntas
Hæc mea vertatur. Vertitur, ecce! probo.

Peter begins to tell them.

Qualiter a vobis, quo, quando, vel unde profectus
Et quare fuerim, res satis ipsa probat;
Quodque vale non ante datum mihi quam mihi salve
Est tunc promissum, vos meminisse puto.
Hæc promissa ferens oracula ferre putabam,
Lætus de nihilo dura jocando tuli.
Mucro jocus; latro risus erat; via longa vianti
Grata quies; et erant æquora terra mihi.
Per vada, per fluvios, per castra, per arma, per urbes,
Et lusi variam per maris alta viam.
Tandem quo volui superando pericula veni,
Sed necdum venit littera vestra mihi.
Et dum mentiri nos nolle reor, mihi crebro
Mentior, et repeto, Nunc venit, ecce! venit.
Cras faustum mihi quæque dies, et mane cupitum
Vespera promittens spem sine lege dabat.
Et dum cras in cras mihi protraho, præterit æstas,
Transit et autumnus, sæva subintrat hiems:
Taliter elisus reditum paro, plangere frater,
Nolle pater, genetrix flere, perire soror;
Tota paterna domus luctu lacrymisque repleri,
Fletibus in variis angulus omnis erat.

He came back by sea in the winter.

Ille timenda mihi facientes frigora ventos,
Et ventis clausas iste monebat aquas;

D

Ille dabat pavidas hiberno sidere naves,
Iste docebat humi cuncta rigere gelu.
Multi multa mihi memorare, monere, minari,
Sed vos advertens aspis ad illa fui.
Petra fui, nec pace frui, ni pace potiri
Vos nossem, poteram; nec mora, capto fugam.

He runs away.

Clam fugio, pontumque peto, talaribus uti
Visus, et inventam protinus intro ratem.
Sidera prima poli, labente sub æquore sole,
Jam caput extulerant, cum ratis æquor adit;
Cum totos laxando sinus, et suppara veli
Pandens summa, Notum nauta rudente legit.
Currimus hinc pleno spatiosa per æquora velo,
Currimus ad votum; vis bona sulcat aquam.

The voyage.

Conspiceres elementa meis alludere votis,
Prospera pro libito cuncta fuere meo.
Ut tamen Ursa suum deflectere cœperat axem
In Zephyrum, nostro deperit ala Noto.
Plusque repente pigris maris unda paludibus hæret,
Aura cadit, languent vela, carina riget.
Nil noctis nox illa feræ, nihil æquoris æquor,
Pæneque nil hiemis lenis agebat hiems;
Nec stagnantis aquæ jam torpor inutilis æstu
Commeat, aut solito more tremendo furit.

Peter takes an oar.

Sic ubi vela tepent remos fervere jubemus,
Promisso validas ære ministro manus;
Acer et assideo. *Ph.* Quidnam facturus? *P.* Emen-
Panem. *Ph.* Responde seria. *P.* Digna dedi, [dum
Digna tibi responsa dedi, nam quæstio talis
Taliter absolvi debuit; ut quid enim
Aptarem dextras remis nisi viribus auras,
Lapsaque jam remo reddere vela volens?
Ph. Hæc ignota mihi virtus fuit, estque butire;
Forsitan hæc patrio nuper adepta tibi?
P. Forsitan est, sed eam satis eructasse Lyæo
Læso jam possum nare, Philippe, tuo.
Ph. Parcite rideri, languentis et arva profundi
Qualiter exieris, Petre, referto mihi.

P. Languida marmorei dum nos ligat area ponti,
Munere prætenso remigis arma paro.
Nec mora: navis iter sudantibus undique remis
Explicat implicitum, vique coacta meat:
Nam cito dispositi per dura sedilia, nautæ
Cærula dum verrunt in sua transtra cadunt;
Nec pulsare suis cessant sibi pectora remis,
Donec in auroram nox tenuata perit.
Tandem vix summo radentibus æquora remo,
Excitat amissum reuma repente Notum;
Qui votum velumque replens hærentia malo
Linthea propellit, fessaque membra fovet:
Nec jam remigio ratis utitur, utitur aura,
Ocior et jaculo fertur agente Noto:

A good wind.

Non secus ac solitis excita columba cavernis
Petrarum subito mota fragore fugit,
Et fugiens magnum pennis dat territa plausum;
Aëre tranquillo lapsa deinde, sibi
Radit, et in montes iter ocius efficit alis,
Immotis liquidum motibus explet iter:
Sic primum remo puppis strepit, inde volantem
Remis ablatis impetus ipse tulit.
Interea pelagi claustrum procul Anglia nostris
Visibus obicitur, nosque timore levat.
Pallida nam surge(n)s pallere coëgerat ægros
Nos aurora prius, mergus et ante volans,
Et terram clamando petens, et dulce canentes
Sirenæ, vel aquæ mota quod unda tument;
Vel quod delfines ludunt, vel nubila scandit
Ardea, vel summa pluma jocatur aqua.
Solis et exortum maculis variantibus horror
Nos subit, et nostrum quemque tremore quatit,

Signs of a storm.

Nam mox in nubem male conditus orbe recedit
Exhaustus medio, mœstaque flagra vocat.
Ast ubi dehinc rutilum maculæ conspergere solem
Cœperunt variæ, certa pericla patent.
Surgimus et tristes discurrimus, atque volanti
Plurima laxamus vela repente rati.

Pallia quot sociis tot vela fuere, fretumque
Exosi portus anticipare student.
Cumque subire ratis pleno putat ostia velo,
Reppulit in puppem turbo severus eam;
Nosque furens Zephyrus procul egit in æquor, et Euro
Certans, nunc superat, nunc superatur eo;
Auster et in Boream, Boreasque resurgit in Austrum,
Vique sibi varia mutua bella gerunt.
Incumbunt hinc inde mari, totique resistunt
Flatibus adversis atque furore sibi.

The storm upon them.

Nec mora: turbo rapax percussa nave rudentes
Avellit laceros et rotat usque ratem;
Et misera varios vertigine cogit in orbes,
Frangitur hic clavus; vela suprema petunt,
Atque supervolitant summi fastigia mali,
Multaque nos miseros mortis imago tenet.
Fluctibus æquoreis nunc fertur ad æthera navis,
Nunc in Tartareum mergitur ægra sinum;
Inque vicem mutatur aquis äer, et ab imis
Eruta more novo fervet arena vadis.
Vela cadunt, antenna labat, malumque fatiscit,
Hæc et in æquoreas lapsa feruntur aquas.
Nec satis hoc: nox atra fretum cælumque recondit,
Nec quibus obruimur pæne videmus aquas:
Grandine præterea consternimur, imbre mademus,
Fluctibus impetimur, multa procella furit.
Concordes rupisse putes elementa catenas,
Hæc et in antiquum sponte redisse chaos.
Ars perit aurigæ, nautis vigor, omnia navi,
Spes nobis, nec enim qua frueremur erat.
Mors etenim venti, mors æquora, mors ibi grando,
Mors aqua, mors frigus, mors fera turbo fuit.
Sic ubi nos sine morte mori tot fata perurgent,
Triste procella furens pæne peregit opus.

The ship is cast on a rock.

Nam satis horrendum stridens Aquilone revulsit
In scopulum laceram, jam sine puppe, ratem.

How the sailors escape.

Pars nostrum tabulis, pars hæret plurima transtris,
Cratibus hic, remis insidet ille suis.

Hac ita militia venti cecidere peracta,
Imber abit, cessat grando, procella perit;
Stat mare, terra patet nobis vicina, fugatis
Sero licet tenebris, solque, diesque redit.
Nec mora; nos in aquis a littore turba natantes

They are saved from the shore and fall among cruel men.

Cernens, adductis navibus inde rapit.
Talibus erepti solidam minus æquore terram
Sensimus, et sævos plus Aquilone viros.
Quid moror? expertus brumali luce quod æquor
Ultimus est error, dona petita peto.
Ph. Grando, pruina, gelu, venti, mare, turbo, procellæ,
Nix, labor, imber, hiems, Petre, quod opto probant.
Opto petens ut ames, et amas, et amare probaris;

Philip says that Peter has shewn his love, and shall be rewarded.

Vos, proponis, amo, reque probatur, amas.
Quid te namque patri subduxit? amor: quid in undas
Egit? amor: Quid onus ferre coegit? amor.
Hinc et deberi tibi nos et nostra fatemur,
Quodque petis dabitur. *P.* Detur. *Ph.* Et ipse dabo.
Urbe sua profugi nostrorum, Petre, supremi
Elegere patrem quo potuere sibi.
P. Hoc satis in triviis tritum conferbuit. *Ph.* Audi.

A genealogical dialogue.

P. Audio, sed posuit Leda quid? ova duo.
Hæc a Trojano series retro longa duello,
Et procul a voto cœpta loquela meo.
Ph. Si genus a Bruto ducens Brito quærere nodum
Æstuet in scirpo, quis moveatur eo?
Cum pinguem pullum gallinæ, tunc sapientem
Invenies Britonem, ne moveare, Brito.
P. Sum Brito, nec moveor si saltet asellus, et optet
Anglicus in lepidum versus abire virum.
Sed quo progredior? Laurentius admovet aurem,
Pæne quod angelicus Anglicus esse potest.
L. Ludere, Petre, potes nos ut libet, omne quod optat
Dicat, agatve Brito; nemo movetur eo.
Nam salva quo pace tui loquar, excusatio prompta*
Ipsius hæc satis est. Est Brito; parce tamen.
Horridus angelicos† Brito ludere desinat Anglos,
Quæsumus hic et ubi jam sumus esse sinat.

* The Poet has forgotten his metre. † A play upon Bede's story.

Cogitat hoc quod ei sublata Britannia, nomen
Mutuat a nobis Anglia, nos et habet.
P. Si veterum memor esse velim; sed plus mihi lingua
Auris jam prurit, donaque grata cupit:

Peter asks how Philip found his way back to Durham.

Quis procerum vestram vobis patefecerit urbem
Nosse peto. *Ph.* Procerum nullus id egit opus.
Sæpe tamen sibi quisque studens pro viribus egit,
Egit ut hujus ei cederet urbis apex.
Se mihi promittens pro se vigilabat amicus
Ore mihi, studuit mente manuque sibi.

Cumin laughed at every attempt to dislodge him.

Sed rex et proceres, sed miles et arma, sed æra,
Et fraus effectus hic habuere pares.
Pectus grande feri sibi risit ad ista Cumini,
Cor siquidem fuerat corpore majus ei.
Sic ubi rex, ubi lex, ubi dux, ubi Mars, ubi munus,
Decidit, accedit Gratia, remque facit.

The grace of God alone changed him.

Gratia sola Dei fera mitigat arma Cumini,
Mitigat, et totum Gratia mutat eum.
Agno mutat aprum, Palinurum fruge, Cuminum
Pigmento, rampnum vite, venena mero;
Deque Nerone Titus, Cato de Sinone, Metellus
De Mario per eam, deque fera fit homo.

Cumin himself called us back.

Nec mora: dives opum nos sponte vocavit egenos;
Distulimus, queritur; venimus, arma jacit.

When we came he retired.

Fastum, celsa, decus, ponit, dediscit, abhorret;
Jura, modum, veniam, convenit, ardet, avet.
Vesteque mox vacuus dorsum, virgaque repletus
Dextram venit homo; laus sit honorque Deo.
Sic veniens, veniamque petens, pro tempore mites,
Proque loco placidos, pro ratione pios,
Et pro persona nos repperit ipse potentes,
Virgaque cum baculo mox adhibetur ei.

And left Durham altogether.

Virga ferit, baculus sustentat, et urbe relicta
Post hæc ipse procul sponte profectus abit.
L. Multa brevi cohibens os lampadis ore rotundo,
Ut reor, ad votum, Petre, petita dedit. [accipienti:
P. Laudo virum. *L.* Quid, quæso, datum? *P.* Dedit
Dantem laudo, datum miror, utrumque probo.
L. Et quid miraris? *P.* Mutatum sponte Cuminum

Peter marvels at the change.

Talem de tali tam cito miror eum.
Et quid habere juvet quem tædet habere Dunelmum?
Angelus aut pecus est qui bona tanta fugit.
L. Omnia, Petre, quidem Divina potentia posse

Laurence and Peter begin to discuss the providence, etc., of God.

Noscitur, est et idem posse quod esse Deo:
Nec Deitas in Eo, pietas, Ejusve potestas
Sunt diversa sibi; nec tria sunt, sed idem.
Hocque Deo quod inest Deus est; Ipsumque potentem
Esse, vel esse pium, jure fatemur idem.
Est etiam pietas hoc Ipsius atque potestas
Quam Deitas, et idem singula quæque notant.
Cumque Deus sit, et hic et ibi sit totus ubique,
Est et ubique potens, est et ubique pius.
Hoc veterum nos scripta docent, ipsique probamus,
Et super hoc nobis lectio viva sumus.
P. Quid mihi, Laurenti, nunc talia? *L.* Si patienter
Exspectare vales, rem cito nosse potes.
P. Exspectabo satis, dic quid placet. *L.* Esse potentem
Constat et esse pium semper ubique Deum.
P. Tune putas puero puerumve loqui profitebor?
Aut puer aut puero bis mihi dicis idem:
Quodque mihi dicis quisnam negat? esse potentem
Scimus et esse pium semper ubique Deum.

Laurence shews that all things are possible to God.

Si secus hinc teneo, pulmonibus elapidari
Debeo. *L.* Ne nimium sis rogo, Petre, Brito.
Cum sit ubique potens Deus et pius, estne stupendum
Vel bona velle pium, mirave posse Deum?
P. Non est. *L.* Cur igitur miraris, amice, Cuminum
In bene compositum sponte redisse virum?

The change in Cumin Laurence says, is God's work.

Non opus hoc hominis, sed Numinis esse probatur;
Gratia, non meritum, grande peregit opus.
Gratia præterito bona tempore multa peregit,
Gratia nunc etiam multa potenter agit.
Tempore præterito cum raptor, adulter, et esset
Rex homicida David, gratia inivit eum.

He changed David.

Syllaba trina* trium fuit huic medicina malorum,
Hoc potuisse potens, Petre, medela fuit.

* *In Margine* Peccavi, *i.e.* Syllaba trina.

The same grace changed Peter and Saul,

Adjice, Petre, precor, quod Gratia sola potenter
Petri nescio ter, transtulit in ter amo.
Extulit in Paulum prosternens Gratia Saulum,
Hic et mane rapax vespere dona dedit.
Fortis et in fragili nos discere fortia sexu
Grata Dei docuit Gratia; laus sit Ei!

And Mary Magdalene.

Nam vitiis et deliciis, et mille Mariam
Mortibus eripiens quid Deus egit homo?
Ecce! ream pietas, fragilem fortissimus, ægram
Admisit propius, vera medela, Deus.
Deque probris metus, atque metu dolor, hincque dolore
Fletus, et a fletu prodiit ampla fides.
Spemque fides, plenumque potens spes fudit amorem:
Et quid amor? Totam justificavit eam.
Talia præterito dans tempore, tempore nostro
Non miranda minus Gratia dona dedit;

It has also changed Cumin.

Tangens namque ferum fera ponere corda Cuminum
Præbuit, inque rosam Gratia vertit eum.
Nec mora: nos revocans, quam cernis, reddidit urbem,
Reddidit urbis opes; reddidit ecclesiam:

He recalled us of his own accord and gave up everything,

Reddidit et castrum quam frater, ut æstimo, fratri,
Filius aut vellet reddere nemo patri.
Despicit, optamus: dimittit, sumimus: exit,
Ingredimur: gratis hinc abit, hicque sumus.

And makes amends.

Sicque quod abstulerat reddit; quos presserat, effert;
Quosque flagellarat gratia grata fovet.

P. Siccine, Laurenti, gravis ultio gratia dici,
Atque furor pietas, iraque debet amor?
Ultio vos læsit, pressit furor, ira cecidit,
Exprime nominibus rem mihi quamque suis.
Ultio vos læsit, sed curat gratia; pressit
Ira, furorque, fovet vos pietas et amor.

Peter leads Laurence on to speak of Waltham, his birthplace.

Sed Gualthamensi puer, ut puto, flumine potus
Jam nunc eructas qualia tunc biberas.
Barbariem biberas, et barbara verba resudas;
Barbarus ille locus, barbara jure docet.

L. Gualthamense solum doctis natale poetis
Militibusque probis, Petre, fuisse patet.

Laurence says that Waltham has produced many poets and soldiers.

Nec puto turpe mihi natale solum profiteri,
Quo natura decus dat speciale sibi;
Quæ pariens quid possit ibi studiosa probavit,
Vestiit et vario larga decore locum.
Nam quis humum, quis dulce nemus, quis prata decoris,
Quis digna varias laude loquatur aquas?
Et licet ipse locum situs efferat aptus amænum,

He describes the place and its products.

Ars tamen accedens ædibus ornat eum.
Has si conspiceret, puto Dædalus ipse stuperet,
Artificisque manum disceret artis inops.

Pears, olives, vines, figs, etc.

Ars operosa piros, oleam, pomœria, vitem,
Ficum, castaneas, addidit atque nucem.
Æsculus expansis et coctanus undique ramis,
Persicus et morus multa reludit ibi.
Cætera quid memorem? sterilis speciale juvamen
Mandragoras uteri, Petre, silebo tibi.
Nec tibi pulchra loquar viridaria, te nec in hortos
Inducam varios. *P.* Quos? olerumne? placet.
Allia vel cæpas mihi parva videre voluptas,
Nedum quod stomachus noster abhorret olus.
L. Si quibus areolis, quo scemate curat, et hortos

Fine laid-out gardens.

Ars operalis eos qua ratione serit,
Ordine quo plantat, vel qualibus irrigat undis,
Si tibi, Petre, loquar: sed quid ad ista morer?

The church of the Holy Cross.

Surgat, et ecclesiam Sanctæ Crucis arte stupendam
Noster sermo petat. *P.* Pulchra sit: esto brevis.
L. Est formosa modum specialiter ipsa per omnem.
Sumne brevis? *P.* Brevitas effluit ista satis.

Laurence speaks very briefly of the church and its decorations.

L. Cum sua forma sacram satis et super efferat ædem,
Cætera quo taceam? clerus honorat eam;
Clerus et aulæis, multo plus clerus et auro,
Clerus et argento, clerus et ære suo;
Clerus et innumeris plus hanc ornatibus ornat,
Illius iste domus vernat in omne decus.

He was brought up here with his brother by his father.

Parvus ab his in ea parvo cum fratre, paterne
Nutritus, didici multa tenenda mihi.
P. Numquid et hoc quod ais quod et ultio gratia dici,
Quodque furor pietas, iraque debet amor?

L. Quod didici, didicisse juvat; quod et hinc tibi dixi,
Non dixisse pudet; tu tibi dicta vide.
Si pudet aspidibus jungi, petit et revocatur;
Hoc revocare furor num precor est an amor?
P. Prorsus amor. *L.* Quid sponte luto si mersus inhæret,
Num precor hunc pietas, ira vel inde trahet?
P. Hoc patet et lippis. *L.* Et si pietate retractum
Verbere corripias, ultio nonne placet?
P. Et placet, et prodest: nam si sapit, inde ruinam
Plus cavet, et solidæ firmius hæret humo.
L. Sic igitur lapsum sibi reddere gratia non est?
P. Est et multa satis. *L.* Multane? *P.* Multa quidem.
L. Rectum pergis iter, sed atrocius aspide, multas
Nonne frequenter opes posse nocere putas?
P. Hoc in habente reor consistere: serviat, obsunt:

A discussion about money.

Imperet, et prosunt; servus es? æra nocent;
Liber, et expediunt; si servus es æris, acescis:
Affer, amas; odis, accipe; dives, eges.
Do, dabo, sive dedi, tibi res peregrina; faventque
Votis non possum, nescio, nolo, tuis.
Si dominaris ei, tua dat, non fœnerat; et dat
Ut det; dat nec avet munus aperta manus.
Neve moras faciam patet omnibus; ultro profundit;
Dat quasi non dederit; dans habet, odit habens.
Talis opum possessor opes sine vulnere versat,
Has nec habere nocet, prorsus amare nocet.
L. Porta patens, dominusque puer, dapiferque remissus,

An open house, a young master, and a careless steward, bring on ruin.

In tenuem redigunt horrea plena statum;
Veste domum, victuque penum, cultoribus agros,
Et gregibus caulas evacuare solent.
Qui studet in nimium, cito præcipitatur in imum,
Nec simul ire diu stultus, opesve queant.
Sed modus auget opes, laudem parat, addit honorem,
Tectaque de modicis erigit ampla casis.
Hunc nec avarus habens, nec prodigus omnibus æque
Hic nimis, ille nihil præbet, uterque nocens.
Ergo ducem sectare modum, nam suadet honesta,
Multa dat, apta docet, ducit ad alta poli.

P. Aurea Laurenti res est modus æra petentis,
  Æra tenentis honos, æraque dantis erit:
Si minus illa petit, cupidus; si cuncta refundis,
  Prodigus; es parcus, si male cuncta tenes.
Hocne patet? *L.* Patet atque placet quianamque volebam:

The harm of wealth.

  Ipse vides quid agant, si modus absit, opes.
P. Vis dicam quid agunt? ferventius aspide lædunt,
  Plus spina pungunt, sævius hoste premunt.
L. Nota mihi memoras et quid, rogo, deliciari
  Esse putas juveni? *P.* Quid? male sæpe mori.

And of pleasure.

Delicias puto turpe lutum; qui deliciatur,
  Mersus sponte luto, mortis ad ima datur.
L. Ergo malis quæ sæpe premunt, perimuntque, resolvi,
  Ut puto, dat pietas, gratia dat, dat amor.
P. Dat plane. *L.* Dic, Petre, mihi, pietasne solutum
  Corripit, et flagris corrigit? *P.* Illud agit.
Illud agit pietas, amor illud amabilis explet,
  Exhibet illud ei Gratia sola Dei.
L. Et quid opes, quid delicias, quid, Petre, Dunelmum
  Nobis eripuit, nos et egere dedit?
Non furor hoc sed amor, pietas non ira peregit;
  Redditus inde mihi rem probo. *P.* Picta placent.
Et peto quod dicis dicas ut apertius. *L.* Audi,
  Plenius et poteris nosse quod ipse petis.
Cum puer in juvenem tener ire viderer ephebum,
  Cœpi maturos vincere velle senes.

Laurence when young left Waltham, to become a monk at Durham.

Et pariter natale solum, mihi vestis, et ætas
  Vertitur, in juvenem vado repente puer.
Et laicum monacho Gualtham permuto Dunelmo,
  Inque novum penitus nitor abire virum.
Gratia nitentis vires et vota secundat,
  Ducit et in melius quod bene cœpit opus.
Cœpit sola; simul processimus, atque labori
  Præmia digna meo sponte datura fuit.
Sic quis, quid, quare, cuinam daret atque daretur,
  Sæpe videns in spe pectora lætus eram.
Nam quis, quæso, daret? quis? Gratia; quidve daretur?
  Gratia. Cuine? Mihi. Cur ita? gratus eram.

Exilit interea mihi corpus in ardua lætum,
Sanguine vel colera plus dominante mihi.
Ad cognata sibi conscendere velle putares
Hæc elementa, mihi cursus in alta fuit.

Laurence was then very young and tall..

Namque genas implumis eram, celsisque quibusdam
Vertice sublimi celsior ipse fui.
Sic corpus, plus fama tamen, plus gloria laudis,
Plus honor, atque mihi crevit ubique favor;
O utinam meritum! nam multus ubique putabar,
Multus in ecclesia, multus in urbe mea.

A great verse maker.

Insuper et poteram versu quæcunque volebam,
Remque probant variis carmina facta modis.
Nec minus ipse potens in carmine lege soluto,
Scripta dabam sociis lege soluta meis.

He was an admired singer.

Conspice præterea quam lætus ab ore canentis
Clerus in ecclesia, quam vel ad ista frequens,
Et satis exultans populus pendere solebat;
Vox pro deliciis, Petre, canentis erat,

Could imitate the sound of instruments.

Quæ varias imitata tubas, quæcunque volebat
Cantum diverso lusit amæna sono.
Et quasi campanæ stagni quibus amplius addit
Fusor, sæpe simul tres dabat una sonos.

His voice like a bell.

He compares it with the flight of a falcon.

Nunc etiam quasi falco, manu jaciente sequaci,
Vastum cultellis findit inane suis;
Et cultellando ventum legit, atque minutis
Plausibus insistens acriter alta petit.
Cumque supervolitans volucri superaverit ala,
Despicit et pavidam lætus ab æthre gruem,
Mox rapidos sibi dura pedes ad pectora ponit,
Ungues talorum vinctus et ipse feros;
Desilit, et placidis cælo ruit ocior alis,
Et dicto citius quod cupit ungue petit.
Sic liquidis vox arteriis emissa ferebat
Se mea pro libito celsa vel ima petens.
Cætera quid memorem? Simul omnia pæne videres
Ad libitum votis, Petre, favere meis;

Lau- rence's nu- y suc-

Deque datis mihi, Petre, bonis non me sed amabam
In me laudari, Qui dedit illa, Deum.

Sed culmen, sed opes, sed multa potentia, meque
  Gloria furari dehinc studuere mihi.
Crescunt, ultro favent, procul et prope multiplicantur,
  Grande quid et simulant posse vel esse suum.
Inque datis jus dantis amans, data denique cœpi
  In se mirari; fallor, et illa probo:
Jamque placent, jam namque mihi me gratia liquit
  Fluctuo, quodque fluit posse manere puto.
Sed quid, Petre, morer? redit et rapit omnia gratis

He loses every-thing.

  Gratia, nostra cadit gloria, culmen abit.
Extenuantur opes, perit illa potentia, flagris
  Arceor, exilium ploro, laboro fame.
Sed flens, sed cæsus, sed egens, quid Gratia possit
  Plus didici; didici, nec didicisse piget.
Rebus ab adversis mihi prospera discere cœpit,
  Et me plus rapiens Gratia dante docet.
Gratia dans, orat; rapiens mihi dona, perorat;
  Jamque sui merito metior orbis opes;

The mutability of worldly things.

Metior, atque mihi non mentior, omnia mundi
  Prætereunt et eunt, more fluentis aquæ.
Nulla manent, cito cuncta meant, nec habere manentem
  Possumus hic urbem, jus ubi finis habet.
Finis in orbe furens et sceptra ligonibus æquat,
  Et servis dominos præcipit esse pares;
Urbibus et vicis, et turribus, atque tabernis,
  Exitus in nihilum fine trahente subit.
O rerum tenui quam pendent omnia filo!
  Præterit atque perit quicquid is orbis habet.

Laurence has learned a lesson from it.

Hoc mihi me revocans pia gratia verbere prompsit,
  Quidve sit hoc quod abit, posse videre dedit.
P. Gratulor et flagris quod sic operatur amaris;
  Dulce salutis opus; dulcis ubique Deus.
Et quis Eum dignis efferre favoribus ardens

Peter speaks of the goodness and greatness of God.

  Quæ velit, evaleat? subjacet æger homo.
O in laude quidem major Deus esse probatur
  Qui bonus; omne bonum quod fit ubique facit.
Cujus opus tibi facta salus, et cordis apertus
  Jam tibi nunc oculus, gaudeo, munus amans.

Et precor ut grato data Gratia glorificetur,
  Dat bona sponte tibi: debita redde sibi.
L. Reddere, Petre, Deo quod debeo cura volenti
  Adjacet, et studium multa piumque mihi.
Hinc gratis jam factus inops, et deliciari
  Fletibus, et psalmis tempto frequenter ali.

Laurence's resignation. How he spends his time.

Lectio nostra quies; paupertas, gloria; claustrum,
  Regia; contemni, palma; medela, premi.
Præteritique memor metuens et, Petre, futuri,
  Tempora restitui lapsa laboro mihi. [petenti
Nec peto jam quod abit, peto quod manet, estque
  Rex meus, atque meus spes mihi magna Deus.
Spero dabit quod velle dedit, volo quod peto, solum
  Qui satis est, ut adest semper, habere Deum.
Vertitur hinc studium studio, mihi pectore pectus
  Vertitur, atque novum, Petre, laboro virum.
Sed quia jejunos labentia sidera ludunt,
  Surgite, vos olim mensa parata manet.
Surge, Philippe, precor, præcede, sequamur, eamus;
  Crastina quod superest lux tibi, Petre dabit.

Explicit Liber Tertius. Incipit Liber Quartus.

LIBER IV.

L. Artibus ingenuis furtiva vir otia quondam
Aulicus indulgens viribus æger eram;

Laurence says that he was formerly a student.

Nam Trivium, nam Quadrivium ferventius ardens,
Viscera rimabar pectoris ima mei.
Omnis in ingenium mihi, Petre, magister abibam,
Plus poscens ab eo quam daret ipse Plato.
Quicquid enim natura parit, doctrina revolvit,
Morum norma probat, mens mihi nosse fuit.
Sed mihi plus varia validum facit arte flagellum,
Mentis in effectum dux mihi virga fuit.
Virga superna mihi persuadet philosophari,
Non tamen in Trivio pectora nostra tero;
Nec mea Quadrivio vexans male viscera perdo,
Syllaba philosophum me movet una novum.

He now strives after the true wisdom.

Omnis in hanc intendo timens, et eam meditari
Est, est jam tandem philosophia mihi.
P. Audio mira satis, videorque videre Plotinum
Poscere Donatum, Scisne quid est quod ais?

Peter jests with him about his learning and work.

Tempora sæpe Thales, et sidera disseris Atlas,
Chrysippus numeros, pondera Zetus habes;
Euclides metiris agros, et Tullius horas,
Virgiliusque novum sæpe poema facis;
Et nunc ad ferulam te detinet una reductum
Syllaba sic timidum? Stare loquela nequit.
Vox etenim quid sit, quid littera, syllaba, quidve
Dictio, poscentes sæpe docere soles.
Quisve sit insinuas oratio, vel quibus uti
Partibus ipsa potest, pars quid et omnis habet;
Quid nomen, verbumque decet, quid habent speciale,
Quid commune vides, visaque sæpe doces.

Ipsius et reliquas in partes ire potenter,
Ipsarum penum vir penetrare potes.

And asks him what he fears.

Ergo novum puerum quæ te nova syllaba terret?
Sic te grammaticum dedidicisse queror.
L. Syllaba quam timeo, mors est, quæ corpore flatum
Nudans, incerto tempore certa venit.

Laurence fears death.

Hujus grammatici lex est contraria legi,
Dedocet hæc veniens sæpe quod illa docet.
Hæc tibi lege metri vitam producere curat,
Corripit hæc veniens hanc tibi lege sua.
Versus ille suos seno pede currere cogit,
Ipsius ista duos huic vetat ire pedes.
Edocet illa loqui; jubet, ut libet, ista sileri;

He would rather know it than be learned.

Mors ubi, Petre, jubet, littera multa silet.
Hoc ego mente videns plus arbitror utile nobis
Scire mori, quam sit scire vel arte loqui.
P. Ars est nulla mori, quia nascimur ut moriamur,
Ortus in occasum corruet omnis homo.

Peter says that death is the fate of all.

Pallida mors æquo pulsans pede pauperis ædem
Et regis turrem, par in utroque furit.
Hocque necesse ferum multo nec milite Cæsar,
Nec vitasse Plato mente vel ore potest;
Nec variis Hipocras vis depulit ipsius herbis,
Mors ubi sæva venit, multa medela perit.

Wonders at Laurence wishing to know death.

Mors est naturæ defectus, ut æstimo; non est
Artis profectus sero citove mori.
Qualiter ergo mori vis nosse? semel morieris:
Hoc sit nosse satis; cætera nosse nequis.
Omnis homo debere mori nascendo receptat,
Parque necesse premens currit in omne pecus.
L. Sed quod homo, quod avis, quod et arbor et herba, vel
Bestia, quod vel habent orta necesse pati. [omnis

To die well you must know how to live well.

Hoc in virtutem sapiens ratione reducit,
Scitque pati quod habent orta necesse pati;
Scitque mori sapiens quia vivere novit, et ipse
Si vis nosse mori, vivere disce prius. [*L.* Necdum,
P. Et tu scisne mori? *L.* Minimum. *P.* Scis vivere?
Sed meditando mori vivere disco mihi.

P. Ergone plus aliquid sævæ meditatio mortis,
Artibus ingenuis ars metuenda, docet?
L. Artibus ingenuis mortis meditatio præstat;

Laurence defends the study of death.

Quid doceant aliæ, quid docet ista vide;
Quid docet ars vocis moderatrix articulatæ,
Et disciplinæ cuilibet apta comes;
Et comes et custos quidnam docet? ipsa volentem
Recte scire loqui posse cupita docet.
Illa loqui recte, recte docet hæc operari,
Verbis illa quidem, moribus ista studet:
Hæc vitium vitæ, vitium cavet illa loquelæ,
Illa legit ventum, concipit ista Deum.
Hæc igitur quia plura potest et præstat eidem,
Plus etiam merito me mihi grata tenet.
P. Cedo; sed ars eadem num rhetoris abjicit artem?
L. Abjicit, et prorsus dejicit. *P.* At quid agit?
L. Spernit rhetoricis ars ista coloribus uti,
Virtutumque monet velle decore frui.
Ora diserta putans depicta sepulchra, politis
Plus labiis animum semper habere monet.
P. Quid si procedat dialecticus, et sibi certans,
Sum, proponit, homo? *L.* Non homo sæva probat:
Nil argumentum, nil mille sophismata prosunt,
Hinc cito concludit mors ubi, Petre, venit. [ejus
P. Quidquid in abstracta mathesis speculatur? *L.* Ad

A discussion on abstract science.

Duc animum species; rem cito nosse potes:
Harum prima potens numeri par spectat et impar,
Ducit et in partes illud utrumque suas:

1. The science of numbers.

Sed digitos agiles ars præstat, et hæc numerose
Et vigiles animos præstat avaritiæ.
Et nummos numerare docet; num spernere suadet?
Mors meditata diu, spernere suadet eos.

2. Music.

Musica succedit quæ nunc harmonica, sæpe
Rythmica me tenuit, voce sonisque juvans;
In qua sic utinam mihi commodus usque fuissem
Quam gratus variis auribus ipse fui!
Sed mihi mors meditata parit quæ musica quondam
Non potuit. *P.* Quid id est? *L.* Discere velle mori;

Neve loquendo morer, succedens tertia terram
3. Measuring of the earth.
Mensuris species dividit apta suis.
Numquid avarus agros hac discit ab arte paternos
Vel cum germano dimidiare suo?
Ars eadem cupidos cæli, maris, aëris amplum
Metiri spatium multa magistra docet.
Num se metiri geometrica linea quemquam
Edocet? hæc crebro mors meditata docet.
4. Astronomy.
Quarta dehinc species evexit ad astra studentis
Ingenium, promens multa stupenda mihi.
P. Numquid et ad geneses ejusque superstitiones
Lapsus es? *L.* Iste procul, sit procul iste furor!
Laurence defends his studies.
Non mihi stella Deus, nec constellatio vitam
Incipit, aut complet, dans quasi fata, meam.
Nam fatum nihil est, et solus cuncta gubernat
Qui creat, hæcque regit, qui dedit esse, Deus.
P. Ergo quid egisti vaga sidera sæpe vaganti
Lumine perlustrans? *L.* Dicere, Petre, pudet.
P. Dic tamen. *L.* Illa meæ consumpsi tempora vitæ,
In quibus ipse mihi sæpe magister eram.
P. Cur ita? Nonne tuo tibi parta labore reludit
Gloria? nonne procul te tua fama vehit?
L. Quis sim, Petre, sciens? de me mihi credo, quietas
Laurence compares a learner to a stone thrown into water.
Sum veluti saxum grande ruens in aquas:
Mergitur, exiguum sed in orbem colligit undam,
Spargit et undarum non procul inde globos;
Spargit distendens majoribus orbibus ipsos,
Donec pulsandis fluctibus unda vacet;
Semper et ægra magis post hæc et languida pulsu
Undula posterior debiliore meat.
Quod si crescentes offendit quilibet undas,
Motus, Petre, retro protinus ille redit;
Et velut ad centrum prius unde mearat eisdem
Undis urgetur. *P.* Quæso, quid ista volunt?
L. Non secus ingenuas mihi vado magister in artes,
Like the stone, he is buried in knowledge.
Obruor ipsarum, Petre, profunda petens:
Sed mea scripta meus rapit unus et alter amicus,
Laudat et extendit laudibus illa suis;

Plus laudat plus quisquis amat; sed, amore cadente,
Laus diffusa cadit, famaque multa perit.
Quod si quis mea scripta legens opponat, et illis
Obviet, hoc quod in his improbat unde probem?

Hitherto he has been a dreamer.

Qui sine doctrina quasi somnio carmina, doctos
Forsitan ante viros ora ligata gero.
Dicta probare quidem plus est quam dicere; dico
Forte quod ignoro, dans sine mente sonum.
Ergo quod hic aut ille suis mea laudibus effert
Carmina, me spectans pondero lance levi:

Now he knows his ignorance.

Tandem namque scio quod nescio: nescio totum
Hoc quod ab ingenuis artibus arte meat.
P. Si nescis et scire placet, cur dicere cessas?
Si vigilare velis, scire cupita potes,
L. Hæc juvenem didicisse decet, non discere; tempus
Labile parcendum suggerit esse sibi,
Deque supervacuis ad seria, Petre, studentem
Jam mihi me mittit, meque videre monet.

His old delights have passed away.

Numquid quos cæli Cyllenius ignis in orbes
Errat, jam juvenem velle videre monet?
Aut quo Saturni se frigida stella receptat,
Seu quibus astra viis cætera, Petre, meant?
Hæ mihi deliciæ jam prorsus deperiere,
Non ea sed quod eis plus movet, ecce! monet;

Now the thought of death is every-thing.

Mortem, Petre, monet, quæ, vel bona vel mala, nobis
Incipit æternum vivere sive mori.
Janua Tartareum mala mors aperitur in antrum,
Quo semel admissos mors sine morte premit;
Quo finis sine fine ferit, nec desinit unquam
Defectus, nec atrox interit interitus.
Semper enim mors vivit ibi, mors plena doloris,
Mors ignara spei, mors ea vita rei;
Quicquid, Petre, timet, miser et miser undique deflet;
Quodque timens deflet, flens sine fine timet.

The pains of hell described.

Notus ibi sic ordo perit; perit ordo, sed horror
Sulphuris in puteo, flammaque sæva furit;
Flamma perennis ibi fervet nec lucet, adurit
Nec consumit, adit nec tepefacta perit:

Quem semel admittit nunquam dimittit, et urens
  Afficit, et nunquam deficit, ecce! dolor.
Est dolor, est ubi flamma cremat, formido fatigat,
  Vermis corrodit, nox tenebrosa tegit
Horribiles crepitus; fumum vaporat amarum
  Spumans sulphureum fœda cloaca malum.
Summus ibi dolor est, oculis rapit aspera visum
  Caligo, fletum mens male pressa parit.
Illa secunda reis mors, exilium, cruciatus,
  Vita, manere, mori, pœnaque sensus erit.

The pains are eternal.

Nulla quies ubi nulla dies, ubi pœna perennis,
  Et labor, et luctus, continuusque dolor.
Hostis atrox ibi* tortor adest, ibi* sulphura fumant,
  Mens ubi prava reos maxima pœna premit.
Vermibus hæc miserum plus rodit edacibus, igne
  Plus cremat æterno, plus furit hoste fero:
Sic, sic æternæ miserum male vivere morti,
  Atque mori vitæ, Petre, quid esse putas?

Peter says that the account is true.

P. Hæreo quid dicam, quid enim si dixero pœnam?
  Plus est. Quid mortem si mala tanta vocem?
Necdum dico satis: si dixero, 'Talia non sunt,'
  Mentior; aut eadem si reprehendo, ruo.
Quod si consumi mala tempore tanta resultem,
  Error in insipido pectore crimen alit.
Ergo quid hinc dicam? plus expedit ista timeri,
  Quam quid sint, vel ubi sint ea, nosse † loqui.
L. Utilis ille timor, timor utilis ille probatur
  Si quid ad illa trahit quæ tremis usque fugis.
P. Et quid ad illa trahit? *L.* Vitium. *P.* Quid salvat ab [illis?
L. Virtus. *P.* Hoc vitium dans mala tanta quid est?

Vice and virtue are defined.

Quæso quid est vitium? *L.* Falso proponere verum.
P. Quid salvans virtus? *L.* Semper amare Deum;
Quem qui spernit, eget; qui diligit, omnis abundat;
  Fervet, et est felix; negligit, estque miser.
Spernere namque Deum labor excipit, obligat error,
  Plectit cura, subit passio, pœna premit.

The despiser of God.

Spernentis mens sæpe dolet, nunc gaudia fingit,

* *Ibi*, vel *ubi* interl.

† *Nosse*, vel *scire* interl.

Inque vices metuit mobilis atque cupit;
Proque Deo dominos sua crimina servus oberrat,
Quot vitiis tot iners subjacet unus heris.
Utque pilam numerosa manus sibi mutua certans
Ludicra, sæpe rapit, sæpe jocando jacit;

In a game at ball, the ball is at last destroyed.

Hanc rapit hæc, hanc illa jacit, ludumque vicissim
Hunc fervent, nec eam, Petre, vacare sinunt;
Donec scissa pilum, sua viscera, fundit apertum,
Cedit et in tenuem tota dirempta statum:
Sic ab amore Dei tepefactus homo numerosis
Raptatur vitiis, fertur et huc et eo;
Incipit hunc miserum malesuada superbia ludum,
Cui vicina rapit gloria vana reum:

So the plaything of vices suffers also at last.

Post datur invidiæ, dehinc cedit ineptus et iræ:
Nec mora: tristitiam sentit adesse gravem;
Hinc ab avaritia raptatur, et inde lutosam
Ventris in ingluviem luxuriemque ruit:
Nec satis est servire duces exercitus ingens,
His scelerum ducibus militat, huncque premit.
Hunc petit atque premit, rapit, atterit, urget, et urit,
Fædat, et ad libitum pellit in omne lutum.
Exulat hinc civis, miles jacet, æstuat heros,
Dux, consul, dives, servit, obedit, eget.

The sinners' sad plight.

Si gaudet, miser est; si ridet, flenda revolvit;
Si jacet, urgetur; si stat, amara sapit;
Si sedet, insanit; si vadit, vulnera sentit;
Si loquitur, languet; si tacet, æger eget.
Quid morer? assidua prægustat morte perennem
Talibus hic mortem semper ubique miser.

Death sends him to hell, and after the resurrection he suffers for ever.

Mors tamen huic miserum dirimens a corpore flatum
Hunc in Tartarei mergit amara laci.
Carneque putredo, vermis putredine, pulvis
Verme, vetusta novo pulvere terra meat.
Et quod deposito fert corpore, Petre, resumpto
Spiritus infelix corpore triste feret.
Sicque perenne bonum Dominum sprevisse polorum,
Plectet in inferno jure perenne malum.

P. Syllaba* dicta mihi quam debet iniqua timeri,

* *i.e*, Peccavi.

Jam patet ex dictis, dulcis amice, tuis.
Terreor; et quid agam? *L.* Vis vivere? dilige vitam;

To avoid this, Laurence urges all to love God.

Dilige dulce bonum; dilige, quæso, Deum.
Dulce bonum Deus est; res est Deus optima rerum;
Est, est et solus vita beata Deus.
Et quidnam melius, quid dignius, et quid amandum
Aptius invenies, utiliusve Deo?
Si bonus esse velis, Hunc dilige. Quem? bonitatem;
Nam bonitas Deus est; Isque dat omne bonum.
Hinc et opes, et honos, et firma potentia prodit,
Hinc cum lætitia gloria vera datur.
Fons est, Petre, Deus, fons omne quod ejus amanti
Expedit emanans; dilige, dives eris.

The excellencies of God.

Si pax namque placet, pax est Deus; aut pietatem
Si petis, est pietas dulcis ubique Deus,
Si delectat amor, Deus est amor; aut tibi virtus
Si placet, est virtus prorsus amanda, Deus.
Adde, quod affectas, Deus est sapientia; tantum
Et tam dulce bonum, dilige, Petre, Deum.

What they enjoy who love Him.

Quem bene quisquis amat felix habet; Hunc et habendo,
Omne quod optandum jure videtur, habet:
In terris cælos; in carcere, Petre, quietem;
Lumen et in tenebris; in cruce culmen habet.
Mors, tenebræ; caro, terra quidem; crux plurima, mundus;
Et nobis corpus carceris instar adest,
Sic tamen hic in carne gemens, in corpore sudans,
In mundo positus, vivit ubique Deum.
Vivit Eum Quem semper habet, Quem semper amandum
Prudens elegit, semper habens quod amat.
Nec removere potest hinc, Petre, superbia justum
Aspera, nec fortem plaga revellit eum:

His love lasts and is all-sufficient.

Nec valet illecebris moderatus abhinc removeri,
Perstat in affectu plenus amore Dei.
P. Verbum dulce satis dilectio, dulcior actus,
Quem petis, en! pariter suadet amare Deum;
L. Suadet, et hunc utinam persuadeat ipsa leporem!
Est, est, Petre, Deum pulcher amare lepos.
Quisquis amat, lepidus; qui non amat est onerosus;

Est piger, est et iners, rusticus est et hebes.
Rusticus est quicunque Deum non diligit; insta
Expete, suspira, quære, fidelis ama.
Major in hac etiam lacrymarum valle voluptas
Non est, aut melior cultus amore Dei.
O dulcedo, Deus! Deus omnia dans bona solus,
Vera medela Deus, gloria vera Deus!
O bonitas super omne bonum, dulcedo superstans,
Dulcia quæque Deus, Te sine nulla salus!

Laurence's prayer to God.

Nil satis est sine Te; Tu sufficientia solus;
Spes mea, Te sitio; Te, mea vita, peto!
Da mihi Te, Te, sancte Pater; mihi velle dedisti;
Auge, quæso, Tuum, tam mihi dulce, datum!
Quod, Te dante, volo, da plus mihi velle; voluntas,
Munere parta Tuo, crescat amore Tuo!
Inque via vitæ præsentis amor peregrino
Duxque, comesque Tuus sit mihi, quæso, Tuo;
Me doceat, mihi verba regat, mea pectora mundet,
In Te me ducat, perveniamque precor!
Ducat, et oh utinam perducat, ut ipse beato,
Nostræ fine spei, Te sine fine fruar!
P. Gratulor huic studio quod anhelat habere Scientem
Omnia; multa sciet quisquis habebit Eum.
Sed numquid vitam suspirans scire scientem
Omnia, dediscis dicere velle tibi? [novit,
L. Quidnam? *P.* Scire mori. *L.* Quisquis bene vivere

Death is nothing to him who lives well.

Scit bene, Petre, mori, nec moriens is obit:
Non obit hic sed abit, nec tam defectus eidem
Quam sua profectus mors pretiosa venit.
Res patet: æthereum bona mors aperitur in urbem,
Quo cum transierit quisque beatus erit:
Urbs ea perpetuæ pia visio pacis haberi,

The heavenly city is described.

Petre, potest; dici non tibi tanta potest:
Nam quis murus ibi, quæ propugnacula, quæ lex,
Qui cives, quid opus, quid decus est et opes?
Auditu majora fides mihi credere suadet,
Spes manet, ardet amor, mens mea sæpe cupit;
Sæpe cupit quæ nemo capit, quæ corpore tectus

Hic sperare potes, nullus habere potest;
Quod nec lingua loqui, quod nemo videre, quod auris
Hic audire, manus tangere nulla potest.
Quodlibet eximiæ decus et decor urbis acutum
Præterit ingenium, quodlibet et studium;

All troubles are absent.

Omnis ab urbe procul dolor et pudor, æstus et algor;
Nullus ibi labor est, error et horror abest;
Sarcina, cura, timor, nullum premit, implicat, angit,
Nec furor, ira, dolus, dissipat, urit, obest:
Festa dies, et summa quies, et gloria perpes,
Omni, Petre, caret nocte, labore, probro:
Nulla nocent ubi cuncta placent, ubi singula mulcent,
Pax ubi constat, alit gratia, vita manet.

God is everything.

Et quæ vita? Deus. Quæ pax? Deus. Et quis ibidem
Ordo? Deus. Quis amor? vita beata, Deus.
Oh quis honos hærere Deo, quam grata voluptas
Posse frui, quis apex dulciter usque frui!

And is enough for all.

Sufficit Hic solum; quid enim, precor, amplius optet
Ipsum quisquis habet? sufficit hoc quod habet:
Nam quid abest cui semper adest, Qui Trinus et Unus
Condidit atque regit, dans bona cuncta Deus:

The city of God and its joys.

Cujus in urbe sacra senium non contrahit ætas,
Gaudia defectu, gloria fine caret;
Lux tenebras, morbosve salus, vel amara voluptas
Nescit, nec metuit, nec patietur ibi;
Pax sine Marte, dies sine nocte, quies sine cura,
Et sine fraude lucrum grande reludet ibi.
Multa loquor, nec digna loqui super his tibi possum,
Mens est urbe mihi menteque lingua minor.
P. Omnibus ista magis mihi grata loquela loquelis
Me fovet. *L.* Et foveat! nam sine labe meat;
Consona sunt fidei quæ vel mala vel bona dixi;
Quæ gemit infernus, concelebratve polus.
P. Hoc patet: at superam tua mens revocetur ad urbem,
Nam plus inde mihi ducta loquela placet;

Peter asks for a farther account of the heavenly city.

Dulce sapit qui dulce canit, qui gaudia promit,
Qui bona pro modulo disserit ampla suo.
L. Possum multa loqui sed cur loquor omnia quid sunt?

Et quis, quæso, loquor? quid loquor? unde loquor?
Laurence says that he is unfit to give it.
Pulvis de cælo, de summis infimus, æger
De solido, fatuus de sapiente loquor.
Deque Deo caro, vermis, homo; de sole superno
Nox in valle loquor; numquid et apta loquor?
Numquid digna satis? sed ad hoc quis idoneus?
Nos tamen et Trinum credimus esse Deum: [Unum
Credimus et columus, speramus, habere studemus,
Omnis in hunc finem qui sapit ire cupit.
Nature, Law, and Grace all lead to God.
Huc natura prius, dehinc Lex data, Gratia demum
Duxit et adduxit millia multa virum.
Una fides in idem tria tempora, Petre, recepit,
Et fidei decus est unius una salus.
Ista salus Deus est, Quem si sperare voluptas
Hic est, in cælo semper habere quid est?
Si velut in speculo vel enigmate visus amatur,
The sight of God.
Quo facie ad faciem visus amore cremat?
Petre, videre Deum satians sitis esse videtur,
Confortansque fames, et sine fine fovens.
Solus in urbe sua cibus est potusque Suorum,
Qui cives reficit sic sine fine suos.
Hunc sitiens potat, potans sitit, esuriensque
Accipit, accipiens esurit, hocque placet. [optans,
How satisfying He is.
Semper avet Quem semper habet, neque læditur
Nec fastidit habens; semper habet quod amat.
Totus in affectum mutari pæne videtur,
Quisquis in ætherea conspicit urbe Deum;
Nam velut ignito species sua pristina ferro
Deperit, et facies ignis ab igne subit;
Et quasi cum forma ferri substantia verti
Credi pæne potest; vel quasi mixta mero,
Guttula dulcis aquæ speciem simul atque saporem
Perdit aquæ, vinum jam quasi facta novum;
Aut veluti rutilans illuminat aëra lumen
Solis, ut hunc ipsum credere pæne queas;
How the soul will be changed when in heaven.
Sic ubi deposito jam corpore liber in urbem
Evolat æthereum spiritus, alter erit;
Totus namque Dei felix infectus amore,

Totus jam felix ibit in usque Deum:
Sic in Rege suo, sic in Factore benigno,

It becomes one with God.

Sic in luce sua, sic in amore suo,
Sic in melle suo, sic in diademate, sicque
In virtute sua, sic in honore suo,
Inque sua mercede Deo fit spiritus unum.
Quid melius? nobis conferat ista Deus.
P. Nescio verborum quæ me dulcedo tuorum
Afficit, et superos velle videre facit.
Et quam dulcis erit perventio! velle venire
Plus mihi nectareo dulce liquore sapit.

Peter enquires into the future state of the body.

Sed de corporibus quid erit, rogo, dic mihi nostris,
Numquid et hos cineres gloria multa manet?
Numquid in æternum caro nostra resumpta manebit?
Si caro prorsus erit, dic mihi qualis erit?
L. Corpora postremo nova tempore nostra resurgent,
Corpora spiritui consona, Petre, suo.
Libera namque satis, satis et subtilia surgent,
Plenaque virtutis, plena decoris erunt;
Nil in eis immane premet, nil turpe pudebit,
Nil mors, culpa, dolor, sternet, adibit, aget.

It shall be spiritualized.

Nostraque spiritibus jam spiritualia nostris
Corpora parebunt, grataque semper erunt:
Nam quod abest aberit; quod erunt, simul omne placebit;
Totaque nostra caro spiritualis erit;
Nostra caro caro prorsus erit, sed spiritualis,
Sed felix, sed erit glorificata caro;
Nec corruptibilis quamvis palpabilis ibit,
Ibit et ipsa suum semper in usque Deum:
Namque statum sortita novum, nil molis habebit,
Nil gemet infirmum, nesciet omne malum:

And unable to suffer or to sin.

Et perdens jam posse mori, delinquere posse,
Perdet in æternum tuta videndo Deum.
P. Pectora corporibus mea spiritualibus aptans,

Peter mentions his doubts and fears and eagerness.

Horum dulce decus, dulce videre puto:
Me modus et motus, decor et decus urit eorum;
Ardeo, sed quatior; spero, sed, ecce! premor.
L. Cur ita? *P.* Longa mihi mora quæque videtur amanti,

Hæc quatit, et cupidum me premit. *L.* Opto premat;
Teque pius jam pungat amor, te fervidus urat,
Te languens feriat quem super astra ferat!
Si pius est, si fervet amor, si languet, in urbem
Te feret ætheream; dilige, tutus eris.

He asks how love shows itself here.

P. Diligo ferventem, sed quid fatearis amorem,
Vel quid languentem nescio quidve pium.
L. Pascere pupillum, viduam defendere, tristem
Solari, miserum flere, fovere senem,

Laurence mentions the works of love.

Et nudos operire, pium profitemur amorem,
Si tamen hæc pietas constet amore Dei.
At fervens amor est calcare, docere, tueri,
Mundum, virtutes, jura, Deumque sequi:
Deque Dei vultu producere verba vel actus,
Judiciumque tui posse nec inde trahi;
Et cum te totum collegeris hinc in amorem,
Dissolvique petens tendis in usque Deum,
Deficis, inde tamen plus proficis, et bene langues,
Et ploras et amas, et cupis hoc quod amas:

Love languishes for the end.

Dumque cupis nec amata capis, quo vulnere languet,
Qua, precor, afficitur morte fidelis amor!
Sentiri melius languentis vulnus amoris,
Et mors quam dici dulcis, amice, potest!
P. Cedo, sed æthereäm dici peto plenius urbem,
Atque quod ætherea civis in urbe facit.

Peter and Philip ask what they do in heaven.

Ph. Hoc et ego pariter tecum peto, nam mihi præbet
Melle magis dulces ista loquela dapes.
L. Ingenio majora meo præsumere poscor,
Poscitur ad rapidum noctua tarda diem;

Laurence says that the theme is too great for him.

Numquid enim stolidus, Cicerone docente, viderem
Seu nostræ fidei præmia sive spei?
Proh dolor! imberbi mihi plus instare Platoni
Quam Moysi, Senecæ quam Josuæ cor erat.
Plusque libri Legum quam Regum, plusque poeta
Quam fatuo placuit quisque propheta mihi;
Lucam Lucanus, Marcum Maro, Naso Johannem,
Mattheum Statius, sæpe tulere mihi;
Plautus quam Paulus, folium quam fructus, eratque

Ventus quam virtus gratior usque mihi;
Et nunc mente rudi penetrabo palatia cæli?

Already, also, he has written on the Old and New Testaments.

Quæ super his potui nunc tibi dona dedi:
Noster et ille liber Veteri quem versibus olim
De Testamento carpsimus atque Novo;
Hunc in fine suo finem quem poscimus edit,
Multa brevi cohibens dona cupita canit:
Nam canit ecclesiam quod transferet hinc peregrinam
Dux pius in patriam post Deus Ipse suam:
Munera pro meritis diversa dabuntur in illa,
Sumet pro meritis plus is et ille minus:
Sextaque cum mundo tunc mundi finiet ætas,
Et tunc incipiet septima fine carens.
Pars ibi perfecto cedet, spes ibit in actum,

Love shall be chief in heaven.

Perpes stabit amor, spesque, fidesque cadent;
Vera caro carnale nihil, nil mens animale,
Nil ætas poterit nostra senile pati.
Tunc sine nocte dies, tunc lux erit absque tenebris,
Absque labore quies, pax erit absque metu;
Illa quies, lux, atque dies, pax, atque perennis
Nobis vita Deus, laus erit atque salus.
Omnes unus opes, et in omnibus omnia solus

God shall be all in all there.

Semper erit solus, sufficietque Deus.
Ipseque principium rerum jam fiet earum,
Finis fine tamen principioque carens.
Quid plus hinc dici petis? exspectatio nostri
Est et summa spei visio grata Dei.

P. Dulciter auditur bene vel male si quid amatur,
Et tua quod cecinit vox mihi dulce sapit.
Dulcior erectam tua vox mihi perculit aurem,
Finem quem cupimus, festa superna, canens.
Sed vox auditum plus hæc irritat amantum,
Qua satiat votum pulsat et hoc et eum:
Pulsat et exacuat facies satis unus utrique,
Si quod utrumque fovet, vox tua dando favet.

Laurence's peroration.

L. Summum, Petre, bonum, res est Deus optima rerum,
Quem qui sana sapit posse videre cupit;
Estque videre Deum vitam meruisse beatam,

Quicquid et optabis vita beata dabit :
Vita beata bonum dabit omne quod omnis amabit,
Est, est namque pius vita beata Deus :
Et cinerem superis, hominemque Deo sociari,
Et sine fine frui, quid, precor, esse putas?
Quid, rogo, non poterit qui possidet Omnipotentem?
Quid deforme feret cui Decor Ipse favet?
Quid nescire potest qui scit jam cuncta Scientem?
Quis gemet æterno vinctus amore bono? [tur,
Dulce bonum Deus est, Quem quisquis habere mere-
Unum prorsus habens omne quod optat habet.
Nam quid abest quod adesse velit, cui vita voluptas,
Urbs cælum, comes est angelus, esse salus?
Cujus opus laudare, cibus cognoscere, fervor
Prorsus amare, decus semper habere Deum.
Hoc decus Ipse Deus, Deus omnipotentia, nobis
Det Qui velle dedit, dulcis et Ipse dabit:
Dulcis enim Deus est, ditare paratus egenos,
Solari miseros et reparare reos;
Aversosque vocans, conversos audit, amansque
Quos creat hunc punit, sed cito parcit eis;
Parcit ubique pius, parcit patre dulcior omni,
Parcit dulce satis, parcere semper habens.
Sic et Parcenti benedictio, gratia, virtus,
Gloria, vita, salus, laus sit et omnis Ei!

AMEN.

EXCERPTA QUÆDAM EX HYPOGNOSTICO

LAURENTII DUNELMENSIS.

Incipit Prologus Laurentii Dunelmensis in librum sequentem.

Address to Gervase.

Like the soldier, husbandman, and sailor, the poet must work.

This poem was begun, at Gervase's request, in the cloister, and finished at Court.

The difficulty of the work, especially for a young man.

Regard for Gervase accomplished it.

Omnis ars vel disciplina, mi Gervasi, et spei ratione prætendit quod rerum executione tandem exhibet, et dum cupitum promittit exitum, exercitium persuadet laboriosum. Stipendiorum intuitus in prælia destinat professum militiam; ubertatis contemplatio tenet agricolam circa terræ cultum tam æstate quam hieme pervigilem; et in maris et mortis mille discrimina lucri sæva fames inquietum cogit institorem. Sic et vates, ut vel prosit vel placeat, ad scribendum accingitur, et dum eo quo tendit perveniat, gratum est ei prorsus et hoc ipsum quod laborat. Quod in operis difficillimi cursu, quod, te petente, cœptum in claustro, consummatum esse constat in curia, probavi, experimento magis proprio quam exemplo rem edoctus alieno. Siquidem dum tibi placere, sed tecum mihi prodesse scriptor insolitus, quia scriptor aulicus, intendi, non attendi quantum laboris afferret et difficultatis, si hoc imperitus et juvenis conarer in publico, quod peritissimus et ætate provectior alius incipere formidaret in privato. Sed quidnam est quod amor non potest? Tuus amor aliquotiens in ludum mihi laborem transtulit; difficultatem sæpe vertit in delicias; et inter incumbentes mihi curas animum* inter assistentem et quotidiana vel præcepta exspectantem vel stipendia familiam, sæpenumero calamum direxit.

* *Animum*—animi B.

Laurence, from being chantor of the church was made bishop's chaplain.

And his time was occupied.

He could only find time to write forty lines a day.

Laurence had finished his account of the Natural Law in three books.

And the Given Law in 242 books.

He was at Durham enjoying himself at Christmas.

A servant carries off Laurence's poem.

He does not know what to do.

Verum horaria literarum illa meditatio potius quam continua multiplici versuum numero quo claustrali potuit, non potuit respondere curiali. Ex quo enim cantor ecclesiasticus palatinus factus sum capellanus, et studiosus literarum ad causarum actiones et curas officiorum unus sum mancipatus, quamplurimum citra solitum longe stetit carminis nostri diarium; et quod una consueverat hora diei expedito ludere, vix integer hic mihi dies potuit occupato laborare. Nam in opere suscepto volens experiri quid possem qui consueta non poteram dialem cursum protendere, scriptor horarius aliquando studui, sed ad vesperum plus versibus quadraginta per diem mihi non fuisse confectum, satis et super admirans inveni. Quod itaque serius sperato rem cœptam ad finem usque perduximus, et hæc quam præmisimus occupatio causa quidem satis magna, sed altera major fuit. Cum enim tempus specialiter deputatum Legi Naturali tribus libris exegissem, et in tempus specialiter Legi Datæ deputatum, duobus libris expletis dimidiassem jam tertium, natalitii solemne festum Dominici nos Dunelmum invitavit. Ubi cum alternatim et claustrum peterem et repeterer a castello, et nunc lætus festinarem ad monachos, nunc sollicitus revocarer ad milites, cantoremque suum gaudens recognosceret ecclesia quem multorum sibi provisorem curialis amplectebatur familia, familiaritatem principis, amorem ecclesiæ, cleri judicium, favorem curiæ, et laudem populi munere Divino mihi multipliciter contributa, fuit qui simplici oculo nequaquam potuit videre, quia fuit qui ista videns non potuit non invidere. Ut autem aliqua mihi conclamatæ laudis eripi videretur materia, versus quotquot jam edideram surripuit, et quos extolli viderat plausu favorali, fraude, ne furto dicam, nos substraxit ancillari. Et quid agerem? Num ad exemplar recurrerem? Sed præter illud quod subductum est nullum erat. An surrepta repeterem? Sed a quo hoc facerem? Certi nil apparebat. An illud prorsus omitterem? Sed esse non poterat ut pari fructu tibi responderet amico quod a me visus es diligenter petere quo solet agricolæ quicquid in arena videtur insipienter semi-

nare. Quod igitur unum poteram memoriæ promptuarium repetii, et quam bonæ fidei mox illam invenerim certum reliqui. Totum enim illud quod surripuerat invidia memoria suggessit, et tria millia versuum et versus sex et septuaginta, quos ingenium tribus annis non potuit conficere, potuit infra mensem ipsos in notitiam memoria revocare. Quia vero et parum erant emendati, et sic nescio cujus invidi manus jam venerant, antequam procederem paratius manum apposui, et præter primos qui de Deo et elementorum vel conjunctione vel ornamento, vel animalibus et essentia angelorum, casuque diaboli, et de homine usque ad ejectionem ejus de paradiso facti sint, omnes pæne vel in alium ordinem vel in novam formam permutavi. Dehinc quod residuum erat explicui, et tria tempora opere librorum tripartito distinxi. Tempus Legi contributum Naturali primos tres libros amplectitur; medios tres Conscriptæ Legis tempus completum explicat; et tres postremos præcedentibus præludiis gratius tempus Gratiæ commendat. Et sic ab exordio rerum usque finem earum per quædam excurrens compendiosa scripturarum, licet stylo rusticante, compendia, Yponnosticon, abbreviatum scilicet librum, facere curavi, ita continuam amplexatus brevitatem, ut quemadmodum auro perexiguo vix grandis gemma capitur, sic versibus humilibus vix excellens materia capiatur. Quæ, quocunque modo videatur variari, maxime tamen circa hominis lapsi miseriam, et Dei miserentis versari comprobatur misericordiam. Quod cum ejusdem operis lectori repertu sit facile, fastidiosus* in prolixa lectione nostri temporis literatores aspiciens, titulum præfixi qui diligentem invenienda non instrueret, sed qui fastidiosum lectorem gratam illi protendens abbreviationem invitaret. Invitaret, dico, non ad opprobria legenda Saturni, Jovis, et Mercurii, sed ad opera miranda Patris, et Filii et Spiritus Sancti; nec ad cultum exhibendum Vestæ† sed ad‡ amorem affectandum Beatæ Virginis Mariæ; non ad fabulas sed ad historias; nec ad portenta

Laurence tries to remember it.

And recollects 3076 lines within a month.

The author reconstructed his work,

Dividing it into three books.

He calls it Hypognosticon.

The author does not treat of legends but of Christian themes.

* Studiosus A. † Vel Dianæ interl. M.S. Dianæ A.
‡ Cultum excitandum et *ins* A.

falsorum numinum sed ad potentiam supernorum civium, ad virtutes Sanctorum non ad bella Trojanorum, et ad Sanctarum Scripturarum amplectendam veritatem non ad poeticarum inventionum deridendam veritatem. Quod si contemnitur styli mediocritas, integritas veritatis attendatur. Nam si illa lectitantur et delectan(t) etiam nonnullos sacerdotum in carminibus ethnici, cur non ista vel semel videantur, et quosdam saltem scholasticorum teneant in carminibus Christiani? In quibus sane si par effectus responderet affectui, compendiosam non obscuraret festiva progressio brevitatem, nec adjiceretur enervationi facilitas, nec in tumidam erectio fermentaretur vanitatem. Verum in bona materia voluntas est ostensa quamvis facultas non exhibita. Patuit affectus etsi effectus non affuit, munus est impletum amicitiæ licet non videatur satisfactum esse doctrinæ. Accipe igitur opus, non quod securitas adiit efficientiæ, sed quod potius amicitiæ præsumptio suscepit, et diligenter examinatum recondatur, si displicet, aut edatur, si merito suo placet. Nam si nullius efficientiæ convincitur esse causa, punctum gloriæ nullum expetere debet persona, neque volo illud opus ita tibi propter me placere, ut aliis ego debeam juste propter illud displicere.

If heathen stories please, so should Christian.

Prœludium auctoris in Librum II.

Hactenus ipse meis musis studiosus adhæsi,
Et lusi vario carmina sæpe stylo;
Lusit et exactum calamo spatiante libellum
Mens mea, more pari cætera posse putans:
Jam vero quid agam? raptum sibi curia curis
Implicat, et sibi dans me mihi tollit atrox.
Pondera pro meritis meditarier urgeor, æra
Sæpius in manibus quam bona scripta ferens.
Sæpius invigilo quot mille talenta minutis
Constent, quam pedibus quot mihi versus eat.
Si tamen interdum Pegasæa vireta subopto,

The author's studious habits.

He leaves them to count money.

Aut montem* capitum tempto tenere duum.
Has mea mens et eas admittere nescia curas
Insimul, hinc alias mox revocata venit;
Et velut apprensa pulchra spado virgine triste
Suspirat, tristis pectora sic et ego:
Aut vice me pueri plorando vindico cœptum:
Num tamen hoc calamus noster omittit opus?
Non ita: namque licet nequeam quicquid volo, saltem
Hoc volo quod possum, dictaque prodet opus:
Nam quotiens potero Laurentius esse studebo,
Hoc donec cœptum fine ligetur opus:
Et sic pro claustro mihi curia, proque Dunelmo
Anglia, pro requie sæpe tumultus erit.
Nunc et in ætatem mundi mea vela secundam
Suspendam, quærens quo reparetur Adam.
Tempora jam primo produnt perarata libello,
Qui factus cecidit, nec reparatur homo.
Ergo bonum quod prima nequit, si forsitan ætas
Ista sequens possit, jam speculemur eam.

Still he seeks for his old work.

And will complete it.

LIBER IX.—DE DIVERSIS KARISMATIBUS.

I. *Quod otium est iners negotium.*

The benefit of energy.

Otia vir sapiens ignava negotia censens,
Vitat quod culpat, quæ notat illa cavet;
Otia pigra sibi sapiens contraria vitat,
Qui sapit illa fugit, qui fugit illa sapit.
Hinc exercet agros et minat aratra colonus,
Arma frequentat eques, sudat ad æra faber;
Sæpe sub algenti pastor Jove noctibus errat,
Vinitor ad prælum vitis adaptat opes.
Hinc piscator aquis, venator saltibus instat,
Segnities vario pellitur atra modo.
Pellitur innumeris male mollis inertia rebus,
Otia multimodi causa fuere mali.
Tyndaris in Paridis complexibus hinc requiescit,

* *Id est*, Parnassum, *interl.*

Instances of mischief caused by idleness.

Dardanus et Danao plus placet hospes hero.
Fertur et Ægisthus quod sit male factus adulter:
Cur ita? causa datur; desidiosus erat.
Sed peregrina meis exempla quid applico scriptis?
Deliciis Salomon, desidiaque ruit:
Cujus dum matrem pater ejus adulterat, idem
Otia tarda fovet, non fera bella movet.
Otia quam noceant, diversa pericula clamant,
Otia debilitant corpora, corda ligant.

II.—Quod prosit plurimum vitare otium.

The author strives against idleness.

Hæc ego dum recolo, pro viribus otia vito,
Vito quod invitat prorsus ad omne malum.
Et quid ago? non arma fero, non mænia pono,
Ad lucra non sudo, semina nulla sero.

Even at the Bishop's Court.

Sed Musas et carmen amo, neque curia curam
Hanc mihi Pieridum tollere nostra potest.
Ferveat ecce! licet levis alea, tessera certet,

The occupations of Court.

Turgeat acer eques, verba superba volent;
Et seri licet inde senes sua seria tractent,
Hinc instet variis læta juventa jocis:
In strepitu studio plerumque vacare laboro,
Hinc quasi non videam stulta videre queo:
Hinc licet ad nostras sermo strepat ipsius aures,
Sæpe licet tangat, non tamen intrat eas.

How Laurence tries to avoid them.

Pierides mihi sunt equites, sed et alea nobis
Nostra Thalia, stylus tessera grata mihi.
Accipiter mihi sæpe liber, versum vice Nisi
Tracto, pro canibus carmina sæpe sequor.
Pro phalera pluteum, calamum jaculi vice porto,
Arcus et arma meus, dum vacat, est calamus.

III.—In quo prosint auctori sua carmina.

Qui licet exhibeat neque fulmina Quintiliani,
Nec fluvios Plauti, seu Ciceronis opes,

Laurence describes his style and aim.

Et licet hunc superet brevitate Salustius apta,
Ennius ingenio, pondere Varro suo;

Sic tamen interdum brevis esse laborat, ut idem
Non nimis obscurus sit brevitate sua;
Ne nimis enervis sectetur lævia, captans
Grandia, ne nimium turgeat usque studet.
Utque frequenter eo procul otia pello, repello
Tædia, sic etiam crimina pello simul.
Et si non aliis, mihi sic mea carmina prosunt;
Et quia sic prosunt me quoque jure juvant.
Sed jam propositum repetet stylus, atque libellus
Huic operi metas ultimus iste dabit.

XXIV.—Auctor loquitur ad Musam suam quæ sit causa vel ordo præsentis operis.

Laurence goes now to the old Fathers.

Sed superest ad eam via multa mihi; redeundum
Jam tunc ad veteres est tibi, Musa, Patres.
Et per eos ad eam, sicut puto, perveniemus,
Nam veteres ad eam sunt via certa Patres.
Lex naturalis, conscriptaque lex breviatam
Sunt iter in legem qua reparetur homo.
Hoc iter ingressis miserens Deus, undique nobis
Aut miser occurrit, sed miserandus homo:
Lapsus homo, miserensve Deus vel magna Thaliæ
Causa vel omnis adest prorsus ubique meæ.
Sanguinis instar enim per singula membra refusi,
Hoc vegetant corpus carminis omne mei.

Conclusion.

A brevitate tamen, quoniam brevis esse laborat,
Hunc nostrum volui nomen habere librum.
Hujus at expleti mea fine camæna libelli
Jam recreata sequens promptior ibit iter.
Fortior interdum distensus redditur arcus,
Qui, nisi desistas tendere, lentus erit.

I.—DE SANCTO ALBANO PROTOMARTYRE.

Death of Alban.

Non vacat, Albano protomartyre læta triumphat:
Hunc equitem fugiens clericus unus adit;
Clericus expetitur, miles procedit, et idem
Hospite servato decapitatus obit.

King Oswald.

Insula martyribus non exulat, insula fèlix,
  Felix Oswaldo martyre, rege suo,
Doctor namque fide, rex lege, cruoreque martyr,
  Felix provexit, rexit, adornat eam.
Utque cruore suo Gallos Dionysius ornat,
  Græcos Demetrius, gloria quisque suis;

St. Edmund.

Sic nos Eadmundus, nulli virtute secundus,
  Lux, pater, et patriæ gloria magna suæ:
Sceptra manum, diadema caput, sua purpura corpus
  Ornat ei, sed plus vincula, mucro, cruor.

II.—DE SANCTO CUTHBERTO.

Behold the Saint (in his shrine).

Conspice Cuthbertum, gemino cor amore refertum,
  Tincta bis est bino vestis amore minor;
Vir sacer a puero: quæ purpura! quale sit aurum!
  Quantus in ecclesia splendor ubique patet!
Hunc puerum pueri, juvenem juvenes imitari,
  Et laicum laici mente, manuque velint.

He was an example to all.

Hic monachus monachos, hic clerum clericus ornat,
  Hic eremi cives jus eremita docet.
Quodque sequens veneretur opus, veneransque sequa-
  Omnis in hoc sacro præsule præsul habet. [tur,
Huic cor dissuadens puero puerile triennis
  Præcinit octenni multa propheta puer.
Angelus hunc juvenem sanat, dum pervigil orat,
  Nocte videt laicus claustra patere poli.

His life and character.

Hic monachum profitens implet quam clericus arsit
  Sortem Cuthbertus, sors fuit Ipse Deus.
Mentis continuam fovet hic eremita quietem,
  Nil præter dignum præsule præsul agit.
Sic puer et juvenis, sic quilibet ordo vel ætas,
  Hic in eo quod amet, quodque sequatur habet.
Quicquid eum monet, optat, amat, modus, utile, plus
  Vir sacer exhibuit pectore, voce, manu. [cum
Ejus enim veterum sapientia præterit aurum,
  Præterit argentum sermo, superna monens.

Purpura membra domat, bissus sua pectora mundat;
Jacinctus semper summa vir iste cupit.
Immo vir ædis opes veteris sacer exprimit omnes
Pura mente, bonis moribus, ore sacro.
Quodque satis stupeas, vir amabilis intemerato
Corpore conformat mystica ligna Sethim.
Ligna perennis honor, putrescere nescia, ditat,
Perpes et integritas hæc sacra membra viri.
Integer et blando perfusus membra tepore,
Articulosque nitet flexilis ipse suos.
Vestem vero viri non atterit ægra vetustas,
Nec morsus tineæ carpit edacis eam.
Lex antiqua novum prompsit sine fine nitorem,
Testis et integritas integritatis adest.
Integritas vestis carnis probat integritatem,
Carnis et integritas integra corda probat.
Cætera quis referat? quam mira peregerit idem,
Quo vel amore suos semper ubique fovet.
In morbis medicina potens, in vulnere nobis
Est satis ampla salus, inque labore quies.
Si nos hostis adit, si vis inimica fatigat,
Si dolor excruciat, si quid adest quod obest,
Currimus ad solitum dulcedinis ejus asylum,
Mox ad mellifluam currimus ejus opem:
Et quid agit? perversa premens adversa secundat,
Dulcis more patris nos pius ipse fovet.
Quid nos ipse loquar? pius est et dulcis in omnes,
Non exauditus nemo rogavit eum.

His incorruptible body.

He is the person to whom all resort when in trouble.

III.—ORATIO AD SANCTUM CUTHBERTUM.

Sancte pater patriæ, Cuthberte, vir inclyte, salve,
Salve dans miseris sæpe salutis opem.
Salve dulce decus, salve spes magna tuorum,
Virtus nostra vale, vir pietatis ave!
Sit tibi laus, sit dignus honor, tibi gratia detur,
Qui, licet indigno, das bona sæpe mihi.

A prayer to Cuthbert.

Tu mihi magna salus, mihi gloria sæpe fuisti,
Tu me dulcifluo semper amore foves.
O quot sæpe malis, quibus hostibus atque periclis
Me, pater, ereptum prosperitate foves!
Et tibi quid dignum reddam, pater? O pie præsul,
O pater, O clemens pastor, adesto mihi
Ut placet, et nosti, pater, auxiliare petenti!
Quæso, memento mei, dulcis amice Dei!

IV.—DE SANCTA ELBURGA, HILDELIDA, WLFILDA.

Short notices of the three.

Ubere matris alens humiles Elburga sorores,
Summa sequi docuit lux bona, forma boni.
Hildelitha parens nulli probitate secunda,
Moribus et vita claruit absque pare.
Virgo decus patriæ Wlfida, potentis amica
Cum posset regis, maluit esse Dei.

ANECDOTA
QUÆDAM POETICA.

I.—DE WALCHERO DUNELMENSI EPISCOPO.

[*Auctore Godefrido Priore Wintoniensi.—MS. Bodley, Digby,* cxii., 144^{b} *; MS. Cotton., Vitellius,* A xii., 128^{b}.]*

The reason of Walcher's death.

Cor sapiens justique tenax, et gloria morum
Mortis causa tuæ, præsul venerande, fuerunt.
Invidit tibi barbaries quia dispare longe
Vivebas vita, quia morum inhonesta suorum

The barbarians hated him for his strictness and holy life.

Virga justitiæ, Vero dictante, premebas.
Virtus est odiosa malis, correctio nequam,
Disciplina gravis semper nolentibus illam.
Nullus apud sordes mentis respectus honesti;
Ergo tibi nocuit fortemque bonumque manere,
Si 'nocuit' dico, quod te super astra levavit.

He died at Eastertide.

Agni Paschalis celebrabas gaudia festi,
Cum tu per gladios moriens, sed vivus, abisti.

Invectio in eos qui eum occiderunt.

The author inveighs against the Scots.

Scote,† ubi lex? ubi fas? facies quæ, forma pudoris,
Pastorem dum cædit ovis? dum filius intras
Ense profunda patris domini per viscera servus?
Dum ferrum duras, loca, tempora, fœdera pacis

* This last MS. is imperfect. From this imperfect copy Mr. Stevenson has printed this poem in the Appendix to the "Scala Chronica."

Walcher was killed at Gateshead in 1080.

† No one but a writer strange to the district could call Walcher's murderers Scots.

The son kills the father.

Sanguine dum maculas, leges, et jura refringis.
Omnia confundens et tu confunderis ipse,
Interimens patrem desisti filius esse,
Pastorem cædens scis te pastoris egere.
Quidque tibi gravius? veniæ venamque viamque
Obstruis ipse tibi, veniæ pereunte magistro.
Res miranda nimis quando concordia fraudem
Educit, pax insidias, et gratia mortem; [dunt;

The pardoning priest obtains no mercy.

Damna, pericla, necem, dum splendida facta repen-
Dum premitur virtus odiis calcata malorum,
Dum cadit innocuus, ruit insons, præcipitatur
Justus in interitu, gladii perit ore sacerdos;
Quando caret venia veniam donare suetus,
Qui culpas laxare solet moritur sine culpa:
Forsitan hanc culpam contagia prima dederunt
Ut sit culpa recens scelerum vindicta priorum.

An eulogy on William I.

Nobilis ille leo, trepidorum prædo leonum,
Bellorum quem fama canit, quem prædicat unum
Virtute Herculea reges trivisse superbos;
Qui retulit patriæ bellis de mille triumphos,
Ille pater pacis, tutor fidissimus æqui,

Who is urged to destroy Walcher's murderers.

Justitiæ virtus in quo secura quievit,
Willelmus rex, regis opus sullimiter ornans,
Infestos orbi vos toto tollet ab orbe.

II.—DE THOMA ARCHIEPISCOPO [EBORACENSI].*

[*Auctore Godefrido, Priore Wintoniensi.—MS. Bodley, Digby*, cxii, 146b.]

Thomas præsul obit, petit alta, nec ima relinquit,
  Dum corpus tumulum, spiritus astra subit;
Supra doctores, et supra philosophantes,
  Philosophia suo pane refecit eum:

His learning and high character.

In primis primum fecit custodia morum,
  Moribus insignem splendida fama canit:
Magnificabat eum populi vox, gratia cleri,

* This is the first Thomas, who died in 1100.

Curia regalis magnificabat eum.
Una dies solem jam vertit ad arcitenentem,
Cum portavit ei missa sagitta necem.

III.—INCIPIT DESCRIPTIO SERLONIS* MONACHI, FRATRIS RADULFI ABBATIS DE PARCHO, DE BELLO INTER REGEM SCOTIÆ ET BARONES ANGLIÆ.—[*MS. C.C.C.* F. cxxxix, 132b.]

David's invasion of Yorkshire,

David ille manu fortis sceptrum tenens Scotticum,
Armatorum multa manu regnum intrat Anglicum:
Sed cum Tysam contra suum transit infortunium,
Quem invadit vix evasit Stephani standardium.
Ex adverso namque situs belliger standardius,
Eminebat circumseptus strenuis militibus.
Scotti vero dum grassando efferant immaniter,

And his defeat.

Ad congressum belli primum terga vertunt pariter.
Truces quoque Gawedenses tremebundi fugiunt,
Et quas prius extulerunt caudis nates comprimunt.
Solus ille manu fortis paucis cum militibus
Confidenter hæsit campo tanquam leo Parthicus.
Nam hostili ferro mori ratus est honestius,

His personal bravery.

Quam cruore non effuso dare tergum hostibus.
Unde moras cedere usque dimicando nexuit,
Donec suis passim cæsis pæne morti patuit,
Et tunc quamvis Martis dextram non fugit ut timidus,
Sed cum hostes prævalerent vitavit ut providus.
Sic, sic, Judas Machabæus divertit a prælio,
Cum Lisias prævaleret pugnans pro Antiocho :†

He is compared to Judas Machabæus and Dares.

Supra vires quippe suas volens pugnam ducere,
Par est ut quis ultus velit mortis pœnam solvere.
Refert Maro quod cum Dares viribus non parceret,
Hunc Entellus factus senex cum cautela vinceret.‡
Corporales quoque vires cum mentis audacia,
Minus erunt efficaces sine Dei gratia.

* Cf. Pref. to "Memorials of Fountains Abbey," i., pp. viii, ix. This poem is printed in Twysden, col. 331.

† 1 Mac. vi.

‡ Æn. v.

The reason why David did not succeed.

Nam cum Deus nuncupetur Deus exercituum,
Ejus ope qui non pugnat, frustra vibrat gladium.
Ergo nullus ascribendum imputet ignaviæ,
Quod rex David bello cessit Christo belli judice.
Verum Angli fugientes, ut amentes, barbaros
Insequuntur, atque sternunt ut canes lepusculos.

A humourous description of the flight of the Scots.

Tunc abjecta manticarum mole cum viatico,
Plus timore sunt repleti quam pane vel caseo;
Seminantur hinc per agros panes atque casei,
Crudæ carnes et illotæ, velut canis usui.
Utrum enim crudam carnem sive coctam comedant,
Nil differre, sed utramque licitam existimant:
Nec equina carne vesci minus ducunt licitum,
Quam eorum quæ mugitum præbent animalium.

The field of battle called Baggamore.

Porro locum competenter Baggamoram nuncupant,
In quo Scotti mendicosas sarcinas exuerant.
Decem ferme dilatatur campus miliariis,
Quem replesse perhibetur manticarum sarcinis.
Et revera res monebat sarcinas deponere,
Quo perniciori cursu possent Anglos fugere.
O non virtus hæc humana sed Dei potentia,
Per quam pauci plane viri centum fugant millia!
Huc accedit quod in libro legitur Levitico,
Cum præcepta percepisset Moyses a Domino,

The great odds against the English.

Alienos, inquit, centum quinque vestrum abigent,*
Deciesque mille viros vestri centum arguent.
Quod et nostris accidisse liquido temporibus
Triumphalis protestatur Anglorum standardius.
O Psalmistæ veritate præpollens eloquium,†
Deum dicens esse justum, et Ejus judicium!
Nam qui prius jactitabant Angliam subvertere,
Versa vice sunt (ab) Anglis cæsi tristi funere,
Et Anglorum affectantes opibus substitui,
His suisque Dei nutu contigit destitui.

The flight homewards of the Scots.

Sed quot erant fugientes mortem vix evaserant,
Opes certe reputabant quod non occubuerant.
Hique via, fame, ferro, fessi, pressi, saucii,

* Levit. xxviii. 8.   † Psal. xviii. 19.

Vivi suis diffidebant domibus restitui.
Quidam tamen lento pede venerunt ad propria,
Sed nil secum attulere nisi fata tristia.
Quam ob causam singulorum uxor cum familia,
Luxit virum cladem passum, nec adeptum spolia.
Prohibentque viros suos præliari denuo
Maloht patric imprecantes Anglis et standardio.
Cum Boreæ flatus Anglis foret immoderatus,
Illius est flatus aura meliore fugatus.

Their wives forbid them to fight again.

IV.—EPITAPHIUM DOMINI WILLELMI ABBATIS RIEVALLIS.*—
[*MS. Cott.*, *Titus* D xxiv, *f.* 81.]

Dormit in hoc tumulo quondam celeberrimus ille
Ordinis interpres, religionis odor;
Sol patriæ, pater ecclesiæ, lux fusa per orbem,
Cujus fundator et patriarcha domus;
Insignis virtute, fide, spectabilis ortu,
Abbas Willelmus totus Apostolicus.
Angelicam terris vitam, cælestia mundo
Invidit cælum: dat sua cuique Deus.
Liber et æthereum conscendit spiritus aulam,
Terra sibi terram vindicat ipsa suam.
Est portus mortis mors hæc et porta salutis:
Quisquis fidem pendis, accipe quæque petis.

The first Abbot of Rievaux.

V.—EPITAPHIUM DOMNI ABBATIS ROBERTI NOVI MONASTERII.†
[*MS. Cott.*, *Titus D* xxiv, *f.* 82.]

Hic vir honestatis summæque jacet probitatis,
Forma pudicitiæ, Robertus, fonsque sophiæ.
Optimus abbatum vas iste Deoque sacratum,

Robert's holy and exemplary life.

* William, first Abbat of Rievaux, died in 1145. Cf. John of Hexham, ed. Surtees Soc., pp. 108-9 (where this epitaph is printed), and 149.

† Robert, Abbat of Newminster, in Northumberland, died in 1159. Cf. "Memorials of Fountains Abbey," vol. i., *var. loc.*

Paucorum more sibi viluit hic in honore.
Cujus in hac vita dum viveret optima vita,
Norma fuit vitæ laudabilis, ac sine lite;
Lite tamen dico quia constat juris amico
Non caruisse grave, non qua superasse suave.
Præfuit ergo bene, quin profuit hic alienæ
Vitæ, curando, propriamque prius moderando.
Sic pie vivendo Prior ipse, deinde docendo
Factus forma gregis, divinæ famina legis
Vita condivit, factisque docendo præivit.
His meritis gratus, his dupliciterque beatus
Vitæ sublatus mortali, morte gravatus,
Vindicat in cælis famulus Tibi, Christe, fidelis.
Iste —— sortem superat moriendoque mortem;
Vivit enim, vivit dum cælica regna subivit,
Quo quia lætetur cum Sanctis Sanctus habetur.

First Prior then Abbat.

VI.—EPITAPHIUM GAMELLI ABBATIS RUFORDIÆ.*—

[*MS. Cotton.*, *Titus D* xxiv, 81^{b}.]

Ni collata ti } bi sese, Gamelle, fovere } t
Gloria jure si } domus hæc de teque dolere }
Te patre tam subito, tam viduata cito.
Factaque de modic } a de paupere rebus opim } a
Per te non modic } capit ista tuæ modo prim }
Mortis damna quidem, reque probatur idem.
Sed tua qua frueri } s qua nunc meritoque beari } s
Gloria cum superi } qua felix et gratulari }
Quin vetet haud dubium quemque lugere pium.
Nam tibi gaudendu } m patriam qui sic adiist } i
His sed plangendu } moriens quos deseruist }
Tu veniam precibus nunc, pie, posce quibus.

* The MS. in which this epitaph occurs was "Liber Sanctæ Mariæ de Ruford." The name of Gamel does not occur among the recorded abbats of Rufford. He was probably the second or third ruler of that house.

VII.—QUOMODO A PAUCISSIMIS INTERFECTUS SIT SUMERLEDUS SICEBI, THE KING, CUM SUO IMMENSO EXERCITU.* [*MS. C.C.C., F.* cxxxix, *f.* 133a.]

David rege mortis lege clauso in sarcofag }
Fraus Scottorum infestorum propalatur ilic } o.

The troubles on the death of David I.

Galienses, Argaidenses, freti vi Albanic }
Sæviebant, et cædebant justos manu impi } a.

Justi ruunt, atque luunt impiorum furia }
Sævientes, destruentes urbes et ecclesia } s.

Pace fracta, vi redacta fortes trudunt debile }
Hostes cædunt atque lædunt igne, ferro flebile } s.

Debacchantur et vastantur horti, campi, aratr }
Dominatur et minatur mites manus barbar } a.

Mark resists without success.

Glasguensis ictus ensis læsus fugit popul }
Marcus vero sparso clero solus sistit gerul } s.

Infra duros templi muros casus ferens aspero }
Ibi flebat, et lugebat dies olim prospero } s.

Sed modestus et honestus Herbertus episcopu }
Condolebat, et mœrebat secum longe positu } s.

Herbert, Bishop of Glasgow, helps him.

Kentegernum, ut Supernum Regem oret, obsecra }
Pro suorum captivorum spe, et hostes execra } t.

Cum oraret et spiraret precum in discrimin }
Et effectu, non defectu, carerent precamin } a.

Cœpit Sanctos Scotticanos verbi parvipender }
Et Beatum Kentigernum pie reprehender } e.

* Printed by Mr. Skene in the Appendix to Fordun's Chronicle, 449–50. I discovered this and the next poem at Cambridge in 1863.

St. Kentigern assists.

His sopitis et oblitis pæne contumelii
Kentegernus non oblitus est clamorum præsuli } s.

Nam, post multum tempus, ultum revocat episcopu
Ut Sanctorum Scotticorum deleret opprobriu } m.

The energy of the Bishop.

Venerandus et laudandus senex mox episcopu
Jam profecto, spreto lecto, perrexit quantociu } s.

Et nocturnum et diurnum iter quasi juveni
Diligenter et libenter carpebat cum famuli } s.

Sed cum iret, et nesciret cur tam erat avidu
Ire, quia cum Helia inspiratur cælitu } s.

Quod probavit qui rogavit illum cito regred
Liberare et salvare se a manu invid } i

Sumerled comes with a great fleet.

Sumerledi, fraude fædi, hostis atrocissim
Conspirantis, anhelantis in ministros Domin } i.

Qui repente cum ingente classium satellit
Applicatur, et minatur regnum totum perder } e.

Hic cum iret et audiret, spiritu ingemui
Quis nunc ire, aut redire, inquiens, me argui } t?

Salomonem ac tyronem bellicosum advoca
Et Heliam qui per viam illum sæpe adjuva } t.

Festinemus, adjuvemus desolatos patri
Et oremus, et obstemus illorum miseri } æ.

Debet doctor atque rector pugnare pro patri
Properemus et pugnemus; nostra est victori } a.

Quia Deus, semper meus, non hasta nec gladi
Suum gregem atque plebem tuetur in præli } o.

Resistentes, audientes adventum episcop
Ut dracones et leones fiunt audacissim } i;

The fight.

Quamquam ille, atque mille, Sumerledus, hostiu
Contra centum innocentum prompti sunt ad præliu } m.

Accurrerunt, et fecerunt in phalanges impetu }
Perfidorum Argaidorum infaustorum militu } m.

Audi mira; quia dira diris erant præli }
Myriceta, et spineta verticem moventi } a.

The trees and bushes moving were thought to be men.

Thymus usta, et arbusta, rubi, atque filice }
Timebantur, et rebantur hostibus ut milite } s;

In hac vita non audita eraut hæc miracul }
Umbræ thymi atque fimi extant propugnacul } a.

Sed in prima belli rima lux funestus cecidi }
Telo læsus, ense cæsus, Sumerledus obii } t;

Sumerled and his son are slain.

Atque unda furibunda ejus sorbet filiu }
Ac multorum fugatorum vulneratos milliu } m.

Nam hoc truce strato duce, fugam petunt impi }
Tam in terris, quam in aquis, trucidantur plurim } i:

Cum iu undis sanguibundis naves vellent scander }
Catervatim, alternatim, suffocantur reumat } e.

Facta strage atque clade perfidorum milliu }
Nullus læsus neque cæsus erat expugnantiu } m.

Sic detrusis et delusis hostium agminibu }
Kentegernum omne regnum laudat altis vocibu } s

Sumerled's head brought to the Bishop.

Caput ducis infelicis Sumerledi clericu }
Amputavit, et donavit pontificis manibu } s

Ut suevit, pie flevit viso hostis capit }
Dicens, Sancti Scotticani sunt laudandi utiqu } e.

Et Beato Kentegerno tradidit victoria }
Cujus semper et decenter habete memoria } m.

William the name of the writer.

Hoc quod vidit et audivit Willelmus composui }
Et honori et decori Kentegerni tribui } t,

VIII. A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MALCOLM, KING OF SCOTLAND, AND RICHARD THE CLERK. [*MS. Bodley, Digby*, lxv. 15^b; *MS. C.C.C.*,* F. cxxxix, 16, *f.* 164^a.]

Rex Scottorum Malcolmus prima nocte post humationem ejus apparuit cuidam clerico fideli suo, nomine Ricardo, in vestibus albis cum silentio. Qui lætatus vero sic eum adorsus est.

Dialogue between Malcolm and Richard.

Cur sic, care, taces? Pro me loquitur me vita.
  Cur tenet ima caro? Spiritus alta tenet.
Torqueris, necne? Non torqueor, immo quiesco.
  Quæ tibi pœna fuit? Sors gravis ante necem.
Quis tibi, care, locus? Paradisus nescia pœnæ.
  Cur candet vestis? Virgo† necem subii.
Rex olim, quid agis? Servus quondam, modo regno.
  Æger eras longum. Nunc bene convalui.
Cur te perdidimus? Ut Sancti me reperirent.
  Quid tibi displicuit? Tantus in orbe dolus.
Quando reverteris? Demum cum Judice Summo.
  Scotia te plangit. Non modo, sed noviter.
Quæ fuga, quidve times? Ne pristina sæcla revisem.
  Quidve tuis mandas? Perpetuo valeant.

A brief summary of Malcolm's character and work.

Rex vero Malcolmus, summæ ingenuitatis titulus, velut surculus ex dulcissima abscissus arbore in primævo flore radicem figens, cœpit odoriferos gratissimæ pueritiæ flosculos emittere, et liberales sub pædagogi disciplinis animos innornare. Ab illicitis vero teneri pectoris motus nobili reprimens continentia, spretis imbecillis ætatulæ discursibus, sapientium tractibus ultroneo corde inhærebat. Si quid probitatis vel prudentiæ aure captabat, prout tempus dictabat, sagaci memoriæ committebat, et quamvis sæculari actui foret deditus, totus tamen fuit fide catholicus,

* In this MS. the title of the poem is as follows:—"Visio cujusdam clerici de gloria regis Malcolmi, cui ad singula interroganti super statu suo in hunc sensum respondit." The Poem has been printed by Mr. Skene, in the Appendix to Fordun, i. 452. It occurs, also, in the text of Fordun, i. p. 259, in a somewhat different form. Malcolm died in 1165.

† This is a singular title for a king, who was married and had children.

et erga Dei cultores benevolus ac devotus. Sub cujus moderamine plurima monachorum adoleverunt ovilia, qui velut apes ex multis Sanctorum canistris erumpentes, lucidissima in cælestes thesauros intulerunt mella.

IX. DE WILLELMO REGE SCOTTORUM. [*MS. Christiana,** cccxliv, *f.* 37.]

Militat ad titulos Willelmi gloria; spirat
Ad famam, frangens fortia, sæva domans.
Rex est, si regis referamus gesta; sed ista
Res sibi Mæonium postulat alta pedem.
Hæc tamen acta rudis utcunque canam? quia sæpe
Regia plebeia voce trophæa sonant.
Arserat in dominum manus impia, sæva simultas,
Contio dedignans, Marte, furore, dolo.
Confluit ad facinus servilis copia, virus
Evomit in natum perniciosa domus.
Raro mellificat taxus, dulcescit acetum,
Frondet hiems, floret bruma, cicuta sopit.
Nescit in illustres humilis mitescere; parce,
Percutit; impelle, stat; reverere, tumet:
Instrue, contemnit; blandire, minatur; honora,
Insidiatur; ale, dissipat; odit, ama.
Da, dedignatur; dita, damnat; cole, caleat;
Tolle, tumet; fallit, fide; tuere, premit.
Tales sunt, Willelme, tibi, quos inter haberis
Princeps, principio consona turba suo.
Pullulat in sobolem primævæ stirpis acetum,
Contrahit a nocuo patre nocere domus.
Non nequit esse nocens Aquilonis filius, immo
Contrahit Arctoa de regione malum:
Dumque locale loci labes denigrat, utrumque
Polluit innatæ plenior olla luis.
Hinc furit in regem rea concio, bella minatur

* I am indebted to Dr. R. Pauli for these poems from Christiana, which he has introduced to the knowledge of English scholars. This poem refers to the fight in 1174, in which William the Lion was taken prisoner.

Queis armat dextram missile, pero pedem.
Procedit pannosa cohors, plenoque minarum
Gutture magnificat seque suumque genus.
Nobis debetur regio: quis enim neget? ergo
Serviat indigenis regia juris ope.
Rura patrum proles petimus, rus advena vilis
Deserat, et patriis bobus aretur ager.
Exulet hinc exul, iterum seu Marte probetur,
An deceat Scottos Scotica terra suos.
Magna minis mandant, belle nihil; ergo movetur
Rex, et in hostilem præparat arma manum.
Regis ad auditum nomen stupefacta caterva
Diffugit, insequitur hanc galeata manus.
Fit lepus ad lites belli, qui voce leonem
Expressit; magnus murmure, Marte nihil.
Cæduntur, cæsique cadunt, moriturque cadentum
Turba, ruinoso turbine, digna mori.
Sic tibi stet regni regimen, rex optime regum!
Tempus in æternum sit status iste tenax!

IX. HIC INCIPIUNT VERSUS DE MELROS.

[*MS. Christiana*, cccxliv, *f.* 37.]

Vix solet esse gravis res, quam levis edidit auctor,
Annus enim titulos impetrat, arsque silet.
Barbari cuperem, cum sit reverentia barbæ;
Sed pilus in mento quid sine mente? nihil.
Scire quidem non prima negant, non ultima donant
Tempora, sed sensus promptus et arte potens.
Ecce! puer scribit, bene vel male, nescio: si sic
Vel si sic recitet, incipit esse suum.
Dum varios trutino mores, duplicis mihi vitæ
Semita per speculum mysteriale patet.
Hanc typice speciosa Rachel, Lia lippa figurant,
Et Lia succumbit inferiorque gemit.
Non sic conveniunt, simili nec munere certant,
Nec sic respondent hæc duo lance pari!

Non his assimilat alterna relatio vultus;
Hæc oculis lippit, purius illa videt.
Lux male destituit lippam, scintilla Rachelem
Luce sui penetrat interiora poli.
Oblectant terrena Liam, divina Rachelem;
Despicit illa solum, suspicit illa Deum.
Ista sapit terram res terrea, carnea carnem,
Fæx fæcem, fœdum fœda, limosa limum.
Illa sapit cælum res ælica, summaque summum,
Lux lucem, mundum munda, beata bonum.
Hinc pax, inde labor; amor hinc, ibi rixa perennis?
Hinc lis, hinc requies; hinc dolor, inde Deus.
Hanc animi virtus incendit, gloria tollit,
Spes reficit, pietas recreat, ardor agit.
Hanc mens destituit, dolor impugnat, timor angit,
Noxa gravat, pugnant crimina, pœna premit.
Sollicitat labor hinc Martham, mens inde Mariam
Sudat Martha querens, fletque Maria sedens.
Martha sibi bene discurrit, melius soror audit;
Sane Martha facit, sanius illa videt.
Hæc citra pugnæ meritum succumbere nescit,
Hæc medio languens calle jacere solet.
In bivium sic dividitur dupla secta sororum,
Utraque fautores gaudet habere suos.
Hinc mihi plebs numerosa patet vulgusque laboris;
Hinc celebres video relligione viros.
Instituit decreta suis moresque monebat
Vir vitium reprobans, atque probanda probans.
Vir benedictus hic est, vir felix, factus ad unguem,
Exsequiturque sui nominis ille notam.
Divinis manibus vas excisum Benedictus
Nomine, nec nomen re minus illud habet.
In quo fulserunt mitis devotio, morum
Regula, virtutum forma, lucerna boni.
Se reliquis velut exemplum, vitæque sigillum
Præbet, et in speculo prævia facta patent.
Hunc sequitur, redoletque virum chorus incola Melros,
Nec male degenerat a duce secta ducis.

Sub trutina pensat, sub fine modi moderatur
  Singula, sub certo canone cuncta ligat.
Hic modus est auriga boni, rerum moderator,
  Hic moritur motus ad scelus omne movens.
Hic risus sine tristitia, plausus sine planctu,
  Gaudia sunt sine væ, ver sine fine virens.
Rarus ibi sermo, tenuis sopor, aspera vestis,
  Vulgaris potus insipidusque cibus.
Non manus hic errat, lux lascivit, gula sævit,
  Fluctuat auditus, naris odora petit.
Est auris nec delicians, naris nec odorans
  Gustus agrestis, lux cæca, modesta manus.
Non hic aspectus bombycina vestis adurit,
  Non in veste locum fucus adulter habet.
Non variis cibus hic mensæ fastidia tollit;
  Dat solitus pastus caseus, hortus olus.
Non mensas reficit vis discretiva saporum,
  Res ibi nulla sapit absque sapore Dei.
Non carnem caro suspirat, sed nescia carnis
  Carnem dediscit plus caro carne potens.
Non mores maculat, renes quatit, afficit artus,
  Dissolvit corpus, imperiosa Venus.
In vultu testis color est et litera cordis,
  Mentis enim facies esse propheta solet.
Adde loci nomen, locus est hic nomine Melros,
  Quod quasi venturi lingua propheta dedit.
Ros hic ros sacer est fecundaque gratia cæli,
  Mel typus est operis atque figura boni.
Sit potius Rosmel quod Melros dicitur, ut sit
  Syllaba posterior anteriore prior.
Dum ros hic nos irrorat, procedit inesse
  Germen, et in fructus germinis usus abit.

X. DE HUGONE CANCELLARIO.

[*MS. Christiana*, cccxliv, *f.* 38.]

Excitare somno, Musa!
Stylo pridem minus usa,
Mente licet nunc obtusa,
        Perstrepe symphoniam:
Toto nisu jocundare,
Mente laudes modulare;
Vox erumpens sonet clare
        Geminans lætitiam!

Plectra movet tibi quidem,
Qua nunc canis cura pridem;
Tibi rursus instat idem,
        Novam dans materiam,
Causa laudis digna jure,
Causa toti regno curæ,
Causa rei profuturæ,
        Dum solatur patriam.

Regni decus, gemmam cleri,
Summa Salus, Auctor Veri,
Nobis volens misereri,
        Misit in auxilium.
Salve pastor, lux pastorum,
Lima labis, censor morum,
Miserator miserorum,
        Nobis dans solatium!

Te vernante mundi status
Plaudit, ovat hilaratus,
Tuo vultu satiatus,
        Exprimendo gaudium,
Ovat virtus singularis,
Quod virtute sublimaris,
Quod virtuti præpararis
        Sedes et pallacium.

Jure virtus illam regit,
Sedem sibi quam elegit,
Quam nec frangit neque fregit
Vitiorum copia.
Te festivat trina dote,
Quam conscendis, summa rotæ,
Dum laborat illa pro te,
Mira donans præmia.

Digna primum meditaris,
Sermo sequens sonat par his,
Bona demum operaris,
Duo complens alia.
Hi sunt gradus quos ascendis,
Hæc est via per quam tendis,
Carens labe, mundus mundis,
Alma plenus gratia.

Abundanter illam satis
Tibi confert Numen gratis,
Dum exercet pietatis
Larga manus opera.
Hæc ruenti quam supponis,
Manus crebra, plena donis,
Manus nunquam parca bonis,
Quorum levas onera.

Vernat ergo tui status
Ad virtutis elevatus,
Justus, prudens, temperatus,
Fortis, ferens aspera.
Hæc est vere via morum,
Hic est trames beatorum:
O vere beati, quorum
Sunt tam clara munera!

Istis rivis debriatus,
Hoc liquore satiatus,
Fons hoc rore fecundatus,
Dignus es memoria.

Cujus nomen venerari,
Cujus laudes modulari,
Cujus pedes amplexari
Jure gaudet Scotia.

Ut concludam verbo brevi:
Solus nostri sol es ævi,
Mala mutans manu levi,
Mærorem in gaudia.
Ergo nostræ carnis moli
Jura solvens, mole soli
Liber, scandes alta poli
Mansurus in gloria.

XI. THE DEDICATION OF THE HISTORIA BRUTI OF ALANUS DE INSULA TO HUGH DE PUISET, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

[*MS. Cotton., Vesp. A.* x, *f.* 52.]*

Consuluit mea Clio mihi dare semen arenæ,
Deque labore meo steriles nascuntur avenæ.
Clio dedit lucem, nunc obfuscata tenebris,
Tunc erat urbs celebris, tunc Cæsar in urbe celebris:
Profuit antiquis studio coluisse sorores,
Nunc mea Musa mihi meritos avertit honores.
Maro relegatus fuerat . . . . . .
Nocte pluit, rediit reparatus honore domoque.
Sed nunc mendicat quovis examine Clio;
Juvenal, vii. 7. Cogitur esuriens migrare per atria Clio.
Nunc vates docet esse, fames comes intus acerba,
Quæ docet et volucres humanitus edere verba.

* This MS. contains a popular mediæval poem, the Anti-Claudianus of the same author, together with the Argumentum Anti-Claudianum. The MS. belonged to the celebrated Dr. Dee, "Joannes Dee, 1576, Maii, bowght uppon a stall in London." The Dedication represents the complaints and grumblings of authors in every age. It was written when Bishop Hugh was at the height of his greatness, as Regent of the kingdom in the absence of Richard I. No. X. is also addressed to him.

Nemo Mæcenas, nemo modo Cæsar, Athenis
Laudis honore carent fugiuntque theatra camænæ.
Flacco Tiber erat, Nasoni jura paterna,
Mantua Virgilio, vati modo cara taberna.
Sic artes pereunt, sic rarus amator earum,
Raro tamen scribens patronum sentit avarum.
Sed Dunelmensis præsul metropolis Hugo,
Jure dicabo tibi quæ Palladis ubere sugo:
Nam nequeo retinere tuæ præconia famæ,
Hæc tua nobilitas moris imperat, exigit a me.
Tu mihi Mæcenas, tu, Cæsaris æmulus unus,
Quæ tibi devovit vates tuus accipe munus.
Tempore Cæsareo quid Cæsare majus haberi,
Vel melius poterat? Nil, inquit concio cleri.
Tu melior, tu major eo cum sis vice regis,
Cumque sacerdotio geminæ moderatio legis.
Hæc tua majestas meruit, pietatis amore
Fervida justitiæ non dedignante rigore.
Regia progenies Karoli quia posteritatis
Edidit insignis successio flos probitatis.
Te duce tango chelim, te præsule, teque patrono,
Quæ colo, quæ laudo, cui supplico pectore prono.

INDEX.

Mitchell and Hughes, Printers, 140 Wardour Street, London, W.